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Established June, 1858, and is now in its one hundred and sixty-fifth year. It is the oldest newspaper in the Union, and with less than half a dozen exceptions, the oldest printed in the English language. It is a large quarto weekly of forty-eight columns filled with interesting reading—editorial, state, local and general news, well selected miscellany, and valuable farmers' and household departments. Reaching so many households in this and other States, the limited space given to advertising is very valuable to business men.

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Local Matters

THE SEVENTH DAY BAPTISTS TO VISIT NEWPORT

Will Dedicate Bronze Memorial Tablet in the Mother Church, which is Now a Part of the Historical Society's Building

The oldest active church of the Seventh Day Baptists—the first Hopkinton church in Ashaway—will be the meeting place of this year's session of the general conference of that denomination from Aug. 22 to 27. The 120th anniversary of the general conference will be celebrated on this occasion and also the 250th anniversary of the founding of the first Seventh Day Church in America, at Newport.

The Ashaway church was a branch of the mother church for several years before it became an independent institution. On the Monday after the conference, Aug. 28, delegates will make a trip to Newport to dedicate a bronze memorial tablet in the ancient mother church structure, which is now in the hands of the Newport Historical Society.

More than 1000 delegates, including representatives of churches of the denomination throughout the country, are expected to attend the conference sessions. M. Wardner Davis of Salem, W. Va., is president of the organization; Benjamin P. Johnson of Battle Creek, vice president; J. Nelson Norwood, Alfred, N. Y., recording secretary; the Rev. Edwin Shaw, Plainfield, N. J., corresponding secretary; the Rev. William C. Whitford, Alfred, N. Y., treasurer.

The Seventh Day Baptist denomination in this country originated in Newport in 1671. There are now churches of that faith scattered through Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Virginia, Ohio, Wisconsin, Indiana, Illinois, and Iowa. Rhode Island has the largest proportion of any state, although there is now no church of the denomination in the city of Newport, where the denomination was founded.

N. Y. YACHT CLUB

The vessels of the New York Yacht Club made their rendezvous in Newport harbor this week in preparation for the annual regatta. There was quite a creditable showing of yachts of various sizes, but there were not many steam yachts, because of the difficulty in securing coal.

On Wednesday the races for the Astor Cups were sailed over the usual course starting from the lighthouse, and the winners were Commodore Vanderbilt's Vagrant in the schooner class, and Vice Commodore Nichols' Carolina in the sloop class. A number of vessels followed the racers over the course, and although the rain came down in torrents at times, the interest was kept up.

On Thursday the fleet sailed for the eastward, and many of the yachts will doubtless return to Newport later when the cruise is completed.

The future status of Master Mechanic John J. Moore of the Torpedo Station is still uncertain. The committee that went to Washington in his behalf has returned with the information from Assistant Secretary Roosevelt that he had something in mind for Mr. Moore, but what that may be has not been stated.

Major William E. Braley has been placed on the retired list of officers of the Rhode Island State Militia, having served for seventeen years with the Newport Artillery Company.

JAIL BREAKERS CAPTURED

The police and county officers of Newport and the towns this side of Fall River had a strenuous day last Sunday, but were rewarded for their labors by the peaceable recapture of four prisoners who had escaped from the Newport County Jail early in the morning. The four men had been under confinement there for some time, awaiting the action of the grand jury in October for various offenses. They made a break for liberty Sunday morning, and were recaptured late in the afternoon, after having made their way to the north end of the Island. Some of them are supposed to have a criminal record and all are reported to have been troublesome prisoners while under confinement. Fortunately no one was injured either in the escape from the jail or in the recapture.

At 6:30 Sunday morning Night Watchman Thomas L. Bain entered the corridor of the cell room at the Jail and as he opened the main door he was amazed as four men dashed past him to the outer air. He was unable to stop them, but watched their direction after reaching Marlboro street and immediately gave the alarm. Deputy Sheriff King, keeper of the jail, was awakened and the Police Station was notified, so that in a short time an adequate force was on the trail. A watch was immediately set at the Stone Bridge, at the ferries and railroad stations and the police of Middletown, Portsmouth, Tiverton and Fall River were notified to be on the lookout, while other cities in the vicinity were also notified.

The County officers, under Sheriff James Anthony and Deputy Sheriff King, and the Newport Police under Chief Tobin sought the men diligently all day, penetrating to every part of the Island, but it was not until late in the afternoon that the trail became hot. Word was then received that the men were near the Hathaway peach orchard at the north end of the Island, and that section was immediately surrounded. There was plenty of cover for the fugitives and the pursuers had to beat up a wide stretch of country. They finally cornered three of the men who surrendered without argument, and the pursuit then centered on the fourth, believed to be the most desperate of the group. He was finally landed by Inspector Palmer of the Newport police, who came upon him hiding in the long grass behind a stone wall. The four men were then brought into Newport and securely locked into the cells which they had left some hours before.

The men who made the escape were booked as Herbert Smith, charged with stealing an automobile; Fennell C. Jones, charged with breaking into Lorillard Spencer residence; Lawrence Walker and Warren S. Weston, soldiers, charged with taking an automobile. Smith is little known here, but the police believe that he has a record in other places and is regarded as a desperate man. He had a considerable sum of money on his person when recaptured, which he had secured a few days before by persuading a jail attendant to get a check cashed for him.

The escape was effected in a simple manner that showed much resourcefulness on the part of the leader. A cloth was tied about a broom handle and pushed through the grating in such a way that the open padlock was lifted off the lever of the door. Then the men merely waited until the outer door was opened by the attendant and made their dash past him before he could make any move to stop them. Steps have been taken to prevent any like action in the future.

The next Legislatures of many of the states will have more or less women in them. Pennsylvania legislature will have three lady members, and perhaps four. The time may come, at no far distant day, when the female members of our legislatures may be in the majority. That may not be a bad time either. The women cannot make a worse job of it than the men have in many cases.

Charles W. Forster surrendered himself at the police station on Tuesday and when arraigned in the police court on a charge of forgery was adjudged probably guilty and bound over to the grand jury. It is charged that Forster tendered a forged check for a small amount in a lunch room and was given the balance in change after a small amount had been deducted.

There has been no change in the coal situation in Newport and many persons are getting anxious about the winter's supply. Some of the steam yachts that had intended participating in the New York Yacht Club cruise were obliged to remain in port because of the difficulty in obtaining coal along the coast.

CIGAR FACTORY SUGGESTED

There is a possibility that Newport may have a branch cigar factory of the United Cigar Stores Company, this being an organization that is directly connected with the American Tobacco Company. This was the new manufacturing proposition that was submitted to representatives of the city a few days ago, and that was enthusiastically received by representatives of the city government and the Chamber of Commerce.

Mr. William Weiner, formerly of this city, but now connected with the United Cigar Stores in New York, brought the proposition to the attention of the Newport men, and explained what it is proposed to do. After the matter had been presented, a committee was appointed to go out with Mr. Weiner and look over the city for a suitable location for a factory. The plant of the Eagle Bakery on lower Thames street, which was closed a few days ago, seemed to Mr. Weiner to fill the bill very well, and he took the information back to New York with him. Other representatives of the Company are expected here within a short time to take exact measurements and complete the details.

If a branch factory is established here, it will be the policy of the management to break in Newport girls to do the work as far as possible. The girls are paid while learning and after a comparatively short time are able to earn liberal wages. Those who qualify as experts are paid good sums each week.

It is a source of satisfaction to the Newport committee on industries that it is an old established corporation of high standing that is looking for a location, rather than a new and unknown concern. If the proposition goes through, it should mean a substantial weekly payroll to be distributed in Newport.

FLEET DAY COMMITTEE

The general committee on Fleet Day had another meeting on Monday evening and closed up a number of details for the day and evening. Plans for the illumination of Washington Square have been completed, and a flood light is promised for the Square, giving an effect of red, white and blue. Thames street will be elaborately decorated and illuminated, and will be closed to all vehicle traffic after a fixed hour in the evening.

Considerable unfavorable comment is heard about town in regard to the indiscriminate dancing on the Square. Many persons heartily disapprove of the dancing feature of the program, and in many quarters the proposition is strongly censured.

Quite a severe electrical storm passed over the city early Wednesday afternoon, bolts coming to the ground in a number of places. The Station ship Constellation was struck and two sailors were prostrated by the electrical shock, but soon recovered. Several poles were struck in different sections of the city and a number of electrical circuits were put out of commission. The rain came down in torrents for several hours, and the ground was thoroughly soaked once more.

The weather man reports a deficiency of rain for July. If that is the case he can add the first two days in August and he will certainly have good measure then. While he claims that the rain was a fraction of an inch short, there was no shortage of dull days. The farmers can testify to that. This has been a very poor haying season.

Admiral Washington, head of the Bureau of Navigation of the Navy Department, was in Newport for a short time this week, and was entertained at luncheon by the directors of the Chamber of Commerce. He expressed himself as strongly in favor of a big naval station at Newport.

The third annual report of the Seamen's Church Institute of Newport has appeared, bearing the imprint of a Providence printing establishment. As there are only nine printing houses in Newport it would seem necessary to start a few more so that Newport work can be done at home.

William Jennings Bryan's brother Charles is the Democratic candidate for Governor of Nebraska. He will doubtless fare the same fate his more or less illustrious brother has fared. Being a candidate is about as near as he will come to the office.

Mr. Daniel Rosen has sold the Zabriskie estate on Rhode Island avenue and Catherine street to a large real estate corporation of New York.

REDWOOD LIBRARY'S CELEBRATION

The 175th anniversary of the founding of this venerable institution is near, and the plans for the proper observance of this important occasion are in good hands, and in due time they will promulgate an interesting programme. Mr. George C. Mason in his "Reminiscences of Newport," gives the following interesting account of this, probably the most noted library in America. He says: "At the time that Bishop Berkeley resided in Newport, a literary and philosophical society was formed by a number of gentlemen of the town. The society met weekly for debates and conversation upon questions of utility and interest; and to enable them the more successfully to carry out their original plan it was deemed expedient to secure a library. In this step we trace the foundation of the Redwood Library and Athenaeum. The attention of the society was immediately directed to the collection of books; and in 1747 a great impulse was given by Abraham Redwood, Esq., who placed at the disposal of the society five hundred pounds, for the purchase of standard books in London."

"To give permanence and usefulness to his donation, Mr. Redwood enjoined on the society the duty of erecting an edifice, as a depository for such books as might be purchased. In pursuance of their object, a charter of incorporation was obtained in 1747, and the society in honor of their most liberal benefactor, assumed the name of the Redwood Library Company. For the erection of a library building, five thousand pounds were almost immediately subscribed by different citizens of the town. Henry Collins, Esq., proved a notable coadjutor of Mr. Redwood, and presented in June, 1748, to the Company, the lot of land, then called Bowling Green, on which the present edifice now stands."

"The Library building, which is a beautiful specimen of the Doric order, was commenced in 1748, and completed in 1750. The plan was furnished by Joseph Harrison, Esq., assistant architect of Blenheim House, England. He also superintended the erection of the edifice, with the committee of the Company, consisting of Samuel Wickham, Henry Collins and John Tillinghast. The master builders were Wing Spooner, Samuel Green, Thomas Melville, and Israel Chapman."

"The names of the leading men in the history of Rhode Island are connected with this library. William Ellery, Stephen Hopkins, Daniel Updike, James Honeyman, Jr., Dr. Stiles and many others, in turn, were active members."

The centennial of the incorporation of the Redwood Library was observed August 24, 1847. It was found that the Library building would not accommodate all who wished to be present, and the doors of the Unitarian Church on Mill street were kindly opened to the directors. The services were opened with prayer by the Rev. Dr. Neufville, of Savannah, a descendant of one of the original proprietors. He was followed by the Rev. C. T. Brooks, who read a poem prepared for the occasion. The oration, delivered by the late Hon. William Hunter, was printed for the first time some years ago.

Rear Admiral Robert E. Coontz, chief of operations for the Navy Department, has been in the city this week, and has made a thorough inspection of the navy stations here. The visits by so many of the bureau chiefs within a short time indicate that a greatly renewed interest is being taken in the Newport station.

Governor San Souci has appointed Dr. Charles F. Bryant of Tiverton, medical examiner for Tiverton and Little Compton, to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Dr. Edward P. Stimson, of Tiverton.

The days are growing shorter. Tomorrow they will have shortened one hour. The sun rises at 5:41 and sets at 8:00, daylight saving time. Full moon Monday at 11:20 a. m.

William A. Sherman, son of Dr. and Mrs. William A. Sherman, will enter Harvard in the fall, having successfully passed the entrance examinations.

The business of the Training Station at Newport will now proceed. Lieutenant John W. Davis is again on duty there and it seems like old times.

Mr. William Gardiner of New York is visiting his mother, Mrs. Mary S. Gardiner on Rhode Island avenue.

Miss Janet Buchanan, a teacher in the public school department, is quite ill at the Newport Hospital.

FRANK W. FRUEAUFF

Mr. Frank W. Frueauff, a well known summer resident of Newport, died very suddenly in his New York home on Monday, his death coming as a great shock to his family and friends in this city. Mr. Frueauff had been in Newport and returned to New York Sunday evening. He had attended to a number of business matters in the city and had just entered his Fifth Avenue home, when he fell and died immediately. His wife was notified and left Newport immediately by automobile for New York.

Mr. Frueauff had spent his summers in Newport with his family for four years, having occupied the Lorillard Spencer estate, "Chastellux," for the past three years. He had recently been negotiating for the purchase of the Theodore M. Davis estate, "The Reefs," and the deal was practically consummated except for the signing of the papers.

Mr. Frueauff was connected with the important firm of H. L. Doherty & Co., of New York, and was interested in many public service corporations all over the country. He received his early business training in Denver, where he made his home for many years before removing to New York. He had many friends in the Newport summer colony.

BOARD OF ALDERMEN

At the weekly meeting of the board of aldermen on Thursday evening, the subject of poles on the streets was again up for discussion. An abutter on Tyler street objected to a pole in front of her residence, and was represented by counsel, but inasmuch as the board thought that there was no other way of supplying electric service to the houses in the vicinity, the petition of the electric company was granted.

The board voted to oppose a petition for a jitney line between Providence and Newport, a petition for which is now before the State Utilities Commission. They also voted to endorse the petition of the Newport Improvement Association, asking for better transportation facilities on the New York, New Haven & Hartford road.

A large amount of routine business was transacted.

The monthly meeting of the board was held Tuesday evening when the various monthly bills were approved.

Special one day excursion rates have been restored on the Wickford line, after having been suspended for a number of years. This will enable Newporters to enjoy a pleasant sail across the Bay at a small expense, and will also allow Wickford people to come to Newport to do their shopping. On certain days there is an evening schedule that should prove enjoyable.

There are now about 150 boys under training at the Naval Training Station, and on Friday afternoon and evening they were given their first shore liberty, making their headquarters at the Army & Navy Y. M. C. A.

The annual clambake and re-union of the Major A. A. Barker Association will be held at the camp of Col. Herbert Bliss on Sunday.

MIDDLETOWN

(From our regular correspondent)

Pomona Field Day Well Attended
A large number of persons attended the State Grange Field Day, which was held at the Kingston College on Tuesday. Jamestown Grange, Conant, was the only Grange not represented. Newport County Pomona Grange was well represented. Among those present were worthy Master Mrs. Florence Sutcliffe and worthy Overseer Alonzo Lawson, both of Fall River; Lecturer Mrs. William M. Spooner, Secretary Mrs. Jesse I. Durfee, Past State Master and Mrs. Joseph A. Peckham and two children, and a number of others from Aquidneck Grange, Middletown; Worthy Master Edwin Booth of Nanaquaket Grange, and Mrs. Booth and their daughter, Worthy Master Clairmont L. Grinnell, of Portsmouth Grange, Mrs. Grinnell and a number from that Grange, Mr. and Mrs. William A. Peckham, of Little Compton, and Mr. and Mrs. Harry Lawton, of Nanaquaket Grange.

News has been received of the birth of a son to Mr. and Mrs. Howard P. K. Sherman of Taunton, Mass. Mrs. Sherman was formerly Miss Claribel Grinnell of this town.

Mr. and Mrs. Reuben Wallace Peckham and their three children have arrived from Rotterdam. They have been in Europe the past two years. For the past six months they have been in Mayence on the Rhine. Mr. Peckham has not been at home before in three years except when he returned to take his family across with him. He has been engaged in Young Men's Christian Association work in France.

PORTSMOUTH'S LARGE TAXPAYERS

The following is the list of all the persons and corporations in this town who pay a tax on \$5,000 and over. The rate on real estate and tangible personal property is one dollar on \$100; on intangible personal property it is forty cents on \$100.

Property	Tax
Albro, William G.	\$5,200 \$82 00
Allen, Jonathan, est.	6,300 63 00
Almy, Edward, est.	6,500 65 00
Almy, Edward	7,600 76 00
Almy, Gideon W.	6,900 69 00
Anthony, Henry C.	61,200 603 00
Anthony, Benj. S.	12,000 114 00
Anthony, William W.	5,800 58 00
Anthony, George, est.	6,100 61 00
Anthony, Ellie M.	6,800 68 00
Austin, Mary C., heirs	11,000 110 00
Bailow, Barton, est.	24,900 249 00
Birkhead, Sarah K.	24,000 192 00
Borden, John L.	21,800 218 00
Borden, Arthur L.	5,700 57 00
Boyd, Leander, est.	7,700 77 00
Boyd, William K.	6,000 60 00
Brayton, Thomas E.	8,000 80 00
Brazill, John T., est.	6,000 60 00
Bristol Ferry Co.	18,000 180 00
Brown, Henry A. corp.	5,000 50 00
Brown, William J.	5,300 47 00
Brown, August T.	9,000 90 00
Carpenter, John	5,800 58 00
Chase, William A., heirs	7,500 75 00
Chase, Luther P.	9,000 90 00
Chase, Isaac	5,000 50 00
Chase, Charles A., heirs	21,000 111 00
Crockerott, Clarence	8,000 80 00
Coggeshall, Fred A.	6,300 42 00
Coggeshall, John R.	5,900 41 00
Coggeshall, John P., estate	8,500 79 00
Company, N.Y., N.H.	125,000 1250 00
& H.	92,400 925 00
Company, Newport & Prov. Ry.	64,150 541 50
Corcoran, Elizabeth A.	7,500 72 00
Cornell, John	27,500 245 00
Cory, William H., est.	24,000 160 00
Cotta, Manuel I.	6,800 68 00
DeCosta, Antoine	12,500 125 00
DeCosta, Joseph	11,000 110 00
DeSouza, Jose M., est.	5,500 55 00
Downs, Jere A.	22,000 220 00
Dunn, William J.	12,400 120 00
Eddy, Sarah J.	87,100 871 00
Enwright, Catherine F.	6,500 65 00
Fales, William B., est.	23,500 235 00
Gardner, John T., est.	75,000 300 00
Haffenraffer, Rudolph P., Jr.	5,400 54 00
Hall, Robert D.	12,600 95 00
Hall, Benj., est.	9,000 90 00
Hall, George P.	8,600 80 00
Hall, Benj., heirs	34,600 346 00
Hall, Herbert F., est.	15,600 155 00
Hathaway, Charles E. and H. W.	12,700 127 00
Hathaway, Wm., est	7,000 70 00
Hedley, Henry	8,000 60 00
Hicks, George R.	5,400 54 00
Hicks, Edward R.	6,500 49 00
Hicks, Horace H.	10,500 99 00
Holman, Fred W.	9,200 92 00
Howe, Julia Ward, est.	5,000 60 00
Keiran, Patrick, est.	7,500 75 00
King, Annie	10,000 40 00
Lawrence, Albert W.	11,000 110 00
Lawrence, Sara M.	20,000 80 00
Lawrence, Mabel W. H.	5,000 60 00
Lima, Frank	5,800 58 00
Lopes, Francesca V.	10,500 105 00
Lopes, Manuel M.	6,500 65 00
Lopes, Manuel S.	13,000 130 00
MacKay, William E.	6,800 68 00
Macomber, Richard R.	13,600 135 00
Macomber, Isaac B.	6,000 60 00
MacQueen, Hannah	6,400 34 00
Manchester, Oscar C.	9,400 94 00
Marshall, John W.	5,300 63 00
Medeiros, Manuel and Rose	10,400 104 00
Menzi, Jacob and Lena	5,400 54 00
Moitolo, Frank G.	5,000 50 00
Moitolo, Joseph L.	5,000 50 00
Mott, William B.	12,300 99 00
Mott, Alfred J.	9,000 68 00
Murphy, Michael J.	7,000 60 00
Murphy, Patrick F.	7,100 74 00
Narragansett Shipbuilding Co.	75,000 750 00
Newport Water Works	37,000 370 00
Newport County Agr. Society	7,200 72 00
Norman, Bradford	103,000 916 00
Norman, Reginald	63,000 570 00
O'Neil, Joseph H.	5,000 50 00
Order of St. Benedict	16,000 160 00
Pacheco, Augustus R.	5,000 50 00
Parker, Charlotte C.	25,000 250 00
Phillips, Arthur S.	21,500 219 00
Pimental, Joe	6,500 65 00
Raposa, Antonio Silva	5,400 54 00
Rathbone, Abram	5,200 52 00
R. I. Estates Corporation	41,200 413 00
Rice, George M., est.	35,000 350 00
Sanford, Mary Frances	10,000 55 00
Sherman, Benj. C.	10,500 105 00
Silvia, Joseph M.	6,500 65 00
Sisson, Elbert A.	8,600 80 00
Sisson, Charles S., est.	10,500 105 00
Sowle, W. T. H. and Arilla P.	19,600 195 00
Taylor, Henry A. C., estate	1,152,486 4,610 34
Thurston, Moses	182,800 1,828 00
Thurston, Sarah E., heirs	8,000 80 00
Thurston, Edward W.	6,500 68 00
Vanderbilt, Alfred G., estate	317,000 3,170 00
Vanderbilt, Reginald	256,500 1,815 00
Webb, Frederick	14,700 117 00
Wheeler, Mary C.	5,500 55 00
Wilbour, Augustus L.	9,000 90 00
Aldrich, Charles A. and Ada F.	6,300 63 00
Chase, Eugene, Jr.	5,200 53 00
Company, Prudence Land	5,200 53 00
Improvements to Sandy Point	11,400 114 00
Hunter, Charles, est.	7,000 70 00
Payne, Oliver H., est.	65,000 650 00
Fairchild, Daniel and others	25,000 250 00
Nugent, Joseph J.	7,600 76 00

The total property taxed in this town is \$5,179,001. The Vanderbilts, the Normans (Bradford and Reginald), the Taylors (Moses and Henry A. C. estate), and Miss Sarah J. Eddy, pay a tax on nearly one-half that amount.

The CROSS-CUT

by Courtney Ryley Cooper

ILLUSTRATIONS by R.B. Van Nice

SYNOPSIS

CHAPTER I.—At Thornton Fairchild's death his son Robert learns there has been a dark period in his father's life which for almost thirty years has caused him suffering. The secret is hinted at in a document left by the elder Fairchild, which also informs Robert that he is now owner of a mining claim in Colorado, and advises him to see Henry Beamish, a lawyer.

CHAPTER II.—Beamish tells Robert his claim, a silver mine, is at Ohadi, thirty-eight miles from Denver. He also warns him against a certain man, "Squint" Rodaine, his father's enemy. Robert decides to go to Ohadi.

CHAPTER III.—On the road to Ohadi from Denver Fairchild meets a girl, apparently in a frenzy of haste, to change a tire on her auto. When she has left, the sheriff and a posse appear, in pursuit of a bandit. Fairchild bewildered, misleads them as to the direction the girl had taken.

CHAPTER IV.—At Ohadi Fairchild is warmly greeted by "Mother" Howard, boarding-house keeper, for his father's sake.

CHAPTER V.

Impatiently Fairchild awaited Mother Howard's return, and when at last she came forth from the kitchen, he drew her into the old parlor, slouidy now in the gathering dusk, and closed the doors.

"Mrs. Howard," he began, "I—"

"Mother Howard," she corrected, "I ain't used to being called much else."

"Mother, then—although I'm not very accustomed to using the title. My own mother died—shortly after my father came back out here."

She walked to his side then and put a hand on his shoulders. For a moment it seemed that her lips were struggling to repress something which strove to pass them, something locked behind them for years. Then the old face, dim in the half light, calmed.

"What do you want to know, Son?"

"Everything!"

"But there isn't much I can tell. He caught her hand."

"There isn't I know there is. I—"

"Son—all I can do is to make matters worse. If I knew anything that would help you—if I could give you any light on anything, Old Mother Howard would do it! Lord, didn't I help you, your father when he needed it the worst way? But I'm as much in the dark as you. All that I ever knew was that your father came to this boarding house when he was a young man, the very first day that he ever struck Ohadi. He didn't have much money, but he was enthusiastic—and it wasn't long before he'd told me about his wife and baby back in Indianapolis and how he'd like to win out for their sake. As for me—well, they always called me Mother Howard, even when I was a young thing, sort of setting my cap for every good-looking young man that came along. I guess that's why I never caught one of 'em—I always insisted on darning their socks and looking after all their troubles for 'em instead of going out buggy-riding with some other fellow and making 'em jealous." She sighed ever so slightly, then chuckled. "But that ain't getting to the point, though, is it?"

"If you could tell me about my father—"

"I'm going to—all I know. Things were a lot different out here then from what they were later. Everywhere around the hills and gulches you could see prospectors, with their gads and little picks, fooling around like life didn't mean anything in the world to 'em, except to grub around in those rocks."

"Your father was one of these men. 'Squint' Rodaine was another—they called him that because at some time in his life he'd tried to shoot faster than the other fellow—and didn't do it. The bullet hit right between his eyes, but it must have had poor powder behind it—all it did was to cut through the skin and go straight up his forehead. When the wound healed, the scar drew his eyes close together, like a Chinaman's. You never see 'Squint's' eyes more than half open."

"And he's crooked, just like his eyes—"

"Mother Howard's voice bore a touch of resentment. "I never liked him from the minute I first saw him, and I liked him less afterward. Then I got next to his game."

"Your father had been prospecting just like everybody else. He'd come on foot up Kentucky gulch and was trying to follow it to the vein. 'Squint' saw him—and what's more, he saw that float. It looked good to 'Squint'—and late that night, I heard him and his two drinking partners, Blindeye Bozeman and Taylor Bill—they just reverse his name for the sound of it—talking in Blindeye's room. I'm a woman—"

"Mother Howard chuckled—"

"so I just leaned my head against the door and listened. Then I flew downstairs to wait for your father when he came in from sitting up half the night to get an assay on that float. 'Squint' and them two others was figuring on jumping his claim before he could file on it and all that."

"Well, there was a big Cornishman here that I was kind of sweet on—and I guess I always will be. He's been gone now, though, ever since your father left. I got him and asked him to help. And Harry was just the kind of a fellow that would do it. Out in the dead of night they sat and staked out your father's claim—Harry

lores. We drove outside town and stopped. Then we said goodby, and I put on an old dress that I had brought with me and sneaked back home. Nobody knew the difference."

"But Larsen—"

"You know as much as I do, Son."

"You never saw Larsen again?"

"I never saw any of them. That was the end."

"But Rodaine—"

"He's still here. You'll hear from him—plenty soon. I could see that, the minute Blindeye Bozeman and Taylor Bill began taking your measure. You noticed they left the table before the meal was over? It was to tell Rodaine."

"Then he'll fight me, too?"

Mother Howard laughed—and her voice was harsh.

"Rodaine's a rattlesnake. His son's a rattlesnake. His wife's crazy—Old Crazy Laura. He drove her that way. She lives by herself, in an old house on the Georgeville road. And she'd kill for him, even if he does beat her when she goes to his house and begs him to take her back. That's the kind of a crowd it is. Just to put a good finish on it all, the young 'un moves in the best society in town and spends most of his time trying to argue the former district judge's daughter into marrying him. So there you are. That's all Mother Howard knows, Son."

She turned to the door and then, turning, patted Fairchild on the shoulder.

"Joy," came quietly, "you've got a broad back and a good head. Rodaine beat your father—don't let him beat you. And always remember one thing: Old Mother Howard's played the game before, and she'll play it with you—dark streets aren't exactly the place for you."

Robert Fairchild obeyed the instructions, a victim of many a conjecture, many an attempt at reasoning as he sought sleep that was far away. Again and again there rose before him the vision of two men in an open buggy, with a person between them whom Ohadi believed to be an effeminate-voiced Swede; in reality, only a woman. And why had they adopted the expedient? Why had not Larsen been with them in reality? It was hours before Fairchild found sleep, and even then it was a thing of troubled visions.

Streaming sun awakened him, and he hurried to the dining room to find himself the last lodger at the tables. He ate a rather hasty meal, made more so by an impatient waitress, then with the necessary papers in his pocket, Fairchild started toward the courthouse and the legal procedure which must be undergone before he made his first trip to the mine.

A block or two, and then Fairchild suddenly halted. Crossing the street at an angle just before him was a young woman whose features, whose mannerisms he recognized. The whiplash riding habit had given place now to a tailored suit which deprived her of the boyishness that had been so apparent on their first meeting. The cap had disappeared before a close-fitting, varicolored turban. But the straying brown hair still was there, the brown eyes, the pliant little nose and the prettily formed lips. Fairchild's heart thumped—nor did he stop to consider why. A quickening of his pace, and he met her just as she stepped to the curb.

"I'm so glad of this opportunity," he exclaimed happily. "I want to return that money to you. I—I was so fussed yesterday I didn't realize—"

"Aren't you mistaken?" She looked at him with a slight smile. Fairchild did not catch the infection.

"Oh, no. I'm the man, you know, who helped you change that tire on the Denver road yesterday."

"Pardon me." This time one brown eye had wandered over so slightly, indicating someone behind Fairchild. "But I wasn't on the Denver road yesterday, and if you'll excuse me for saying so, I don't remember ever having seen you before."

There was a little light in her eyes which took away the sting of the denial, a light which seemed to urge caution, and at the same time to tell Fairchild that she trusted him to do his part as a gentleman in a thing she wished forgotten. More fussed than ever, he drew back and bent low in apology, while she passed on. Half a block away, a young man rounded a corner and, seeing her, hastened to join her. She extended her hand; they chatted a moment, then strolled up the street together. Fairchild watched blankly, then turned at a chuckle just behind him emanating from the bearded lips of an old miner, looting on the stone coping in front of a small store.

"Pick the wrong filly, pardner?" came the query. Fairchild managed to smile.

"Guess so." Then he lied quickly. "I thought she was a girl from Denver."

"Her? The old miner stretched. "Nope. That's Anita Richmond, old Judge Richmond's daughter. Guess she must have been expecting that young fellow—or she wouldn't have cut you off so short. She ain't usually that way."

"Her dance?" Fairchild asked the question with misgiving. The miner finished his stretch and added a yawn to it. Then he looked appraisingly up the street toward the retreating figures. "Well, some say he is and some say he ain't. Guess it mostly depends on the girl, and she ain't telling yet."

"And the man—who is he?"

"Him? Oh, he's Maurice Rodaine. Son of a pretty famous character around here, old Squint Rodaine. Owns the Silver Queen property up the hill. Ever hear of him?"

The eyes of Robert Fairchild narrowed, and a desire to fight—a longing to grapple with Squint Rodaine and all that belonged to him—surged into his heart. But his voice, when he spoke, was slow and suppressed.

"Squint Rodaine? Yes, I think I have. The name sounds rather familiar."

Then, deliberately, he started up the street, following at a distance the man and the girl who walked before him.



"Oh, He's Maurice Rodaine."

CHAPTER VI

There was no specific reason why Robert Fairchild should follow Maurice Rodaine and the young woman who had been described to him as the daughter of Judge Richmond, who ever he might be. Resentment was in his heart—resentment that the family of Rodaine should be connected in some way with the pliant, mysterious little person he had helped out of a predicament on the Denver road the day before. And, to his chagrin, the very fact that there was a connection added a more sinister note to the escapade of the exploded tire and the pursuing sheriff, as he walked along, his gaze far ahead, Fairchild found himself wondering whether there could be more than mere coincidences in it all, whether she was a part of the Rodaine schemes and the Rodaine trickery, whether—

But he ceased his wondering to turn sharply into a nearby drug store, there absent to give an order at the soda fountain and stand watching the pair who had stopped just in front of him on the corner. She was the same girl; there could be no doubt of that, and he raged inwardly as she chatted and chaffed with the man who looked down upon her with a smiling air of proprietorship which instilled instant rebellion in Fairchild's heart. Nor did he know the reason for that, either.

After a moment they parted, and Fairchild gulped at his fountain drink. She had hesitated, then with a quick decision turned straight into the drug store.

"Buy a ticket, Mr. McCauley?" she asked of the man behind the counter. "I've sold twenty already, this morning. Only five more, and my work's over. Please take the five, won't you? Then I'll be through."

"I'll be darned if I will, 'Nita!' McCauley backed against a shelf case in mock self-defense. "Every time you've got anything you want to get rid of, you come in here and shove it off on me. There's only four in my family and four's all I'm going to take." He tossed four silver dollars on the showcase and took the tickets. The girl demurred.

"But how about the fifth one? I've got to sell that too—"

"Well, sell it to him!" And Fairchild, looking into the soda fountain mirror, saw himself indicated as the druggist started toward the prescription case.

There was a moment of awkward silence as Fairchild stared after Nita into his soda glass, then with a feeling of queer excitement, set it on the marble counter and turned. Anita Richmond was approaching—in a stranger-like manner—a ticket of some sort held before her.

"Pardon me," she began, "but would you care to buy a ticket to the Old Times dance? It's a sort of municipal thing, gotten up by the bureau of mines—to celebrate the return of silver mining."

"But—I'm afraid I'm not much on dancing."

"You don't have to be. Nobody'll dance much—except the old-fashioned affairs. You see, everybody's supposed to represent people of the days when things were booming around here. There'll be a fiddle orchestra, and a dance caller and everything like that, and a bar—but of course there'll only be imitation liquor. But," she added with quick emphasis, "there'll be a lot of things really real—real keno and roulette and everything like that, and everybody in the costume of thirty or forty years ago. Don't you want to buy a ticket? It's the last one I've got!" she added prettily.

"When's it to be?"

"A week from tomorrow night. Are you going to be here that long?"

She realized the slip of her tongue and colored slightly. Fairchild, recovered now, reached into a pocket and carefully fingered the bills there. Then, with a quick motion, as he drew them forth, he covered a ten-dollar bill with a one-dollar note and thrust them forward.

"Yes, I'll take the ticket."

She handed it to him, thanked him, and reached for the money. As it passed into her hand, a corner of the ten-dollar bill revealed itself, and she hastily thrust it toward him as though to return money paid by mistake. Just as quickly, she realized his purpose and withdrew her hand.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, almost in a whisper, "I understand." She flushed and stood a second hesitant, flustered, her big eyes almost childish as they looked up into his. "You—you must think I'm a cad!" Then she whirled and left the store, and a slight smile came to the lips of Robert Fairchild as he watched her hurrying across the street. He had won a tiny victory, at least.

With a new enthusiasm, a greater desire than ever to win out in the fight which had brought him to Ohadi, he hurried to the courthouse and the various technicalities which must be

coped with before he could really call the Blue Poppy mine his own.

It was easier than he thought. A few signatures, and he was free to wander through town to where idlers had pointed out Kentucky gulch and to begin the sleep ascent up the narrow road on a tour of prospecting that would precede the more legal and more safe system of a surveyor.

The ascent was almost sheer in places, for in Kentucky gulch the hills huddled close to the little town and rose in precipitous inclines almost before the city limits had been reached. He stopped aside to allow the passage of ore-laden automobile trucks, loaded until the springs had flattened and until the engines howled with their compression as they sought to hold back their burdens on the steep grade. And it was as he stood there, watching the big vehicles travel down the mountain side, that Fairchild caught a glimpse of a human figure which suddenly darted behind a clump of scrub pine and skirted far to one side, taking advantage of every covering. A new beat came into Fairchild's heart. He took to the road again, plodding upward, seemingly a man entirely bereft of suspicion. A quarter of a mile he went, a half. Once, as the road turned beside a great rock, he sought its shelter and looked back. The figure still was following, running carefully now along the bank of the stream in an effort to gain as much ground as possible before the return of the road to open territory should bring the necessity of caution again.

A mile more, then, again in the shelter of rocks, he swerved and sought a hiding place, watching anxiously from his concealment for evidences of discovery. There were none. The shadow came on, displaying more and more caution as he approached the rocks, glancing hurriedly about him as he moved swiftly from cover to cover. Closer—closer—then Fairchild repressed a gasp. The man was old, almost white-haired, with hard, knotted hands which seemed to stand out from his wrists; thin and wiry with the resiliency that outdoor, hardened muscles often give to age, and with a face that held Fairchild almost hypnotized. It was like a hawk's, hooked, colorless, timeless in all expressions save that of a malicious tenacity; the eyes were slanted until they resembled those of some fantastic Chinese image, while just above the curving nose a blue-white scar ran straight up the forehead—Squint Rodaine!

So, he was on the trail already! Fairchild watched him pass, sneak around the corner of the rocks, and stand a moment in apparent bewilderment as he surveyed the ground before him. A mumbling curse and he went on, his cautious gait discarded, walking briskly along the rutty, bonder-strewn road toward a gaping hole in the hill, hardly a furlong away. There he surveyed the ground carefully, bent and stared hard at the earth, apparently for a trace of footprints, and finding none, turned slowly and looked intently all about him. Carefully he approached the mouth of the tunnel and stared within. Then he straightened, and with another glance about him, hurried off up a gulch leading away from the road, into the hills. Fairchild lay and watched him until he was out of sight, and he knew instinctively that a surveyor would only cover beaten territory now. Squint Rodaine, he felt sure, had pointed out to him the Blue Poppy mine.

Hurriedly he descended the rocks once more to turn toward town and toward Mother Howard's boarding house. He wanted to tell her what he had seen and to obtain her help and counsel.

Quickly he made the return trip, crossing the little bridge over the turbulent Clear creek and heading toward the boarding house. Half a block away he halted, as a woman on the veranda of the big, squarely built "hotel" pointed him out, and the great figure of a man shot through the gate, shouting, and hurried toward him.

A tremendous creature he was, with red face and black hair which seemed to scramble in all directions at once, and with a mustache which appeared to scamper in even more directions than his hair. Fairchild was a large man; suddenly he felt himself puny and inconsequential as the mastodon thing before him swooped forward, spread wide the big arms and then caught him tight in his arms, causing the breath to puff over his lips like the exhaust of a bellows.

A release, then Fairchild felt himself lifted and set down again. He pulled hard at his breath.

"What's the matter with you?" he exclaimed testily. "You've made a mistake!"

"I'm blined if I ave!" bellowed a tornado-like voice. "Blime! You look just like 'im!"

"But you're mistaken, old man!"

"Blimed if I am!" came again. "You're your dad's own boy! You look just like 'im! Don't you know me?"

He stepped back then and stood grinning, his long, heavily muscled arms hanging low at his sides, his mustache trying vainly to stick out in more directions than ever. Fairchild rubbed a hand across his eyes.

"You've got me!" came at last. "I—"

"You don't know me? 'Onest now, don't you? I'm 'Arry! Don't you know now? 'Arry from Cornwall!"

"Arkins it is! I came just as soon as I got the cablegram!"

"The cablegram?"

"Yeh." Harry pawed at his wonderful mustache. "From Mr. Beamish, you know. 'E sent it. Said you'd started out to see all alone. And I couldn't stand by and let you do that. So 'ere I am!"

CHAPTER VII

It came to Fairchild then—the sentence in his father's letter regarding someone who would hurry to his aid when he needed him, the references of Beamish, and the allusion of Mother Howard to a faithful friend. Again the heavy voice boomed:

"You know me now, eh?"

"You bet! You're Harry Harkins!"

"Arkins it is! I came just as soon as I got the cablegram!"

"The cablegram?"

"Yeh." Harry pawed at his wonderful mustache. "From Mr. Beamish, you know. 'E sent it. Said you'd started out to see all alone. And I couldn't stand by and let you do that. So 'ere I am!"

"But the expense, the long trip across the ocean, the—"

"Zep I am!" said Harry again. "Ain't that enough?"

They had reached the veranda now, to stand talking for a moment, then to go within, where Mother Howard awaited, eyes glowing, in the parlor, Harry lunged out both arms.

"And I still love you!" he boomed, as he caught the gray-haired, laughing woman in his arms. "Even if you did run me off and wouldn't go back to Cornwall!"

Red-faced, she pushed him away and slapped his cheek playfully; it was like the tap of a light breeze against granite. Then Harry turned.

"Ave you looked at the mine?"

The question brought back to Fairchild the happenings of the morning and the memory of the man who had trusted him. He told his story, while Mother Howard listened, her arms crossed, her head bobbing, and while Harry, his big grin still on his lips, took in the details with avidity. Then the grin faded.

"Let's go up there," he said quietly. "This time the trip to Kentucky gulch was made by skirting the town; soon they were on the rough, narrow roadway leading into the mountains. A long time they walked, at last to stop in the shelter of the rocks where Fairchild had shadowed his pursuer, and to glance carefully ahead. No one was in sight. Harry jabbed out a big finger.

"That's it," he announced, "straight ahead!"

They went on, Fairchild with a gripping at his throat that would not down. This had been the hope of his father—and here his father had met—what? He swerved quickly and stopped, facing the bigger man.

"Harry," came sharply, "I know that I may be violating an unspoken promise to my father. But I simply can't stand it any longer. What happened here? There was some sort of tragedy."

Harry chuckled—in concealment, Fairchild thought, of something he did not want to tell him.

"I should think so! The timbers gave way and the mine caved in!"

"Not that! My father ran away from this town. You and Mother Howard helped him. You didn't come back. Neither did my father. Eventually it killed him."

"So?" Harry looked seriously and studiously at the young man. "I didn't write me often."

"He didn't need to write you. You were here with him—when it happened."

"No—!" Harry shook his head. "I was in town. What's Mother Howard told you?"

"A lot—and nothing."

"I don't know any more than she does."

"But—"

"Friends didn't ask questions in those days," came quietly. "I might 'ave guessed if I'd wanted to—but I didn't want to."

"But if you had?"

Harry looked at him with quiet, blue eyes.

"What would you guess?"

Slowly Robert Fairchild's gaze went to the ground. There was only one possible conjecture: Sissie Larsen had been impersonated by a woman. 'Sissie Larsen had never been seen again in Ohadi.

"I—I would hate to put it into words," came finally. Harry slapped him on the shoulder.

"Then don't. It was nearly thirty years ago. Let sleeping dogs lie. Take a look around before we go into the tunnel."

They reconnoitered, first on one side then on the other. No one was in sight. Harry bent to the ground, and finding a pitchy pine knot, lighted it. They started cautiously within, blinking against the darkness.

The outlines of a rusty "hoist," with its cable leading down into a slanting hole in the rock, showed dimly before them—a massive, chunky, deserted thing in the shadows. The timbers were rotting; one after another, they had cracked and caved beneath the weight of the earth above, giving the tunnel an eerie aspect, uninviting, dangerous. Harry peered ahead.

"It ain't as bad as it looks," came, after a moment's survey. "It's only, right 'ere at the beginning that it's caved. But that doesn't do us much good."

"Why not?" Fairchild was staring with him, on toward the darkness of the farther recesses. "If it isn't caved in farther back, we ought to be able to repair this spot."

But Harry shook his head.

"We didn't go into the vein 'ere," he explained. "We figured we 'ad to 'ave a shaft anyway, sooner or later. You can't do under and stoping in a mine—go down on a vein, you know. You've always got to go up—you can't get the metal out if you don't. That's why we dug this shaft—and now look at it!"

He drew the flickering torch to the edge of the shaft and held it there, staring downward. Fairchild beside him. Twenty feet below there came the glistening reflection of the flaring flame. Water! Fairchild glanced toward his partner.

"I don't know anything about it," he said at last. "But I should think that would mean trouble."

"Plenty!" agreed Harry lugubriously. "That shaft's two 'unner feet deep and there's a drift running off it for a couple of 'unner feet more before it 'its the vein. Four 'unner feet of water. 'Ow much money 'ave you got?"

"About twenty-five hundred dollars."

Harry reached for his waving mustache, his haven in time of storm. Thoughtfully he pulled at it, staring meanwhile downward. Then he grunted.

"And I ain't got more'n five 'unner. It ain't enough. Let's go back to town. I don't like to stand around this place and just look at water in a 'ole."

They turned for the mouth of the tunnel, sliding along in the greasy muck, the torch extinguished now. A moment of watchfulness from the cover of the darkness, then Harry

Continued on Page 3



"The Three of Us Drove Up the Main Street."

Robert Fairchild. A long moment followed, in which he repressed a desire to seize her and wrest it from her, and at last—

"It was about dusk one night," she went on. "Harry came in and took me with him into this very room. He kissed me and told me that he must go away. He asked me if I would go with him—without knowing why. And, Son, I trusted him, I would have done anything for him—but I wasn't as old then as I am now. I refused—and to this day, I don't know why. It was just woman, I guess. Then he asked me if I would help him. I said I would."

"He didn't tell me much; except that he had been uptown spreading the word that the ore had pinched out and that the hanging rock had caved in and that he and 'Sissie' and your father were through, that they were beaten and were going away that night. But—and Harry waited a long time before he told me this—'Sissie' was not going with them."

"I'm putting a lot in your hands," he told me, 'but you've got to help us. 'Sissie' won't be there—and I can't tell you why. The town must think that he is. Your voice is just like 'Sissie's.' You've got to help us out of town."

"And I promised. Late that night, the three of us drove up the main street, your father on one side of the seat, Harry on the other, and me, dressed in some of 'Sissie's' clothes, half hidden between them. Nobody dreamed that I was anyone else but the Swede—my head was tipped forward, so they couldn't see my fea-

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THE CROSS-CUT

Continued from Page 2
pointed. On the opposite hill, the figure of a man had been outlined for just a second. Then he had faded. And with the disappearance of the watcher, Harry nudged his partner in the ribs and went forth into the brighter light. An hour more and they were back in town. Harry reached for his mustache again.

"Go on down to Mother Oward's," he commanded. "I've got to wander around and say 'lowdy' to what's left of the fellows that was 'ere when I was. It's been twenty years since I've been away, you know," he added, "and the shaft can wait."

Fairchild obeyed the instructions, looking back over his shoulder as he walked along toward the boarding house, to see the big figure of his companion loitering on the street, on the beginning of his home-coming tour.

The blocks passed. Fairchild turned through the gate of Mother Howard's boarding house and went to his room to await the call for dinner. The world did not look exceptionally good to him; his brilliant dreams had not counted upon the decay of more than a quarter of a century, the slow, but sure dripping of water which had seeped through the hills and made the mine one vast well, instead of the free open gateway to riches which he had planned upon. An hour of thought and Fairchild ceased trying to look into the future, obeying, instead, the insistent clanging of the dinner bell from downstairs. Slowly he opened the door of his room, trudged down the staircase—then stopped in bewilderment. Harry stood before him, in all the splendor that a miner can know.

He had bought a new suit, brilliant blue, almost electric in its flashiness, nor had he been careful as to style. The cut of the trousers was somewhat along the lines of fifteen years before, with their peg tops and heavy cuffs. Beneath the rest, a glowing, watermelon-pink shirt gleamed forth from the protection of a purple tie. A wonderful creation was on his head; dented in four places, each separated with almost mathematical precision. Below the cuffs of the trousers were bright, tan, bump-toed shoes. Harry was a complete picture of sartorial elegance, according to his own dreams.

"What was more," to complete it all, upon the third finger of his right hand was a diamond, bulgeous and yellow and throwing off a dull radiance like the glow of a burnt-out are-light; full of flaws, it is true, off color, to a great degree, but a diamond nevertheless. And Harry evidently realized it.

"Ain't I the cuckoo?" he boomed, as Fairchild stared at him. "Ain't I I had to 'ave a outfit, and—"

"It might as well be now," he paraphrased, to the tune of the age-whitened sextette from "Floradora."

"And look at the sparkle! Look at it!"

"But—how did you do it?" came eagerly. "I thought—"

"Installments!" the Cornishman burst out. "Ten per cent down and the rest when they catch me. Installments!" He jabbed forth a heavy finger and punched Fairchild in the ribs. "Where's Mother Oward? Won't I knock 'er eyes out?"

Fairchild laughed—he couldn't help it—in spite of the fact that his hum-



"Ain't I the Cuckoo?"

dred dollars might have gone a long way toward unwatering that shaft. Harry was Harry—he had done enough in crossing the seas to help him. And already, in the eyes of Fairchild, Harry was swiftly approaching that place where he could do no wrong.

"You're wonderful, Harry," came at last. The Cornishman puffed with pride.

"I'm a cuckoo!" he admitted. "Where's Mother Oward? Where's Oward. Won't I knock 'er eyes out, now?"

And he boomed forward toward the dining room, to find there men he had known in other days, to shake hands with them and to bang them on the

**Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA**

back, to fight Blindeye Bozeman and Taylor Bill sitting hunched over their meal in the corner and to go effusively toward them. "Arry" was playing no favorites in his "home-coming."

Jovially he leaned over the table of Bozeman and Bill, after he had displayed himself before Mother Howard and received her sanction of his selections in dress. Happily he beamed forth the information that Fairchild and he were back to work the Blue Poppy mine and that they already had made a trip of inspection.

Fairchild finished his meal and waited. But Harry talked on. Bozeman and Bill left the dining room again to make a report to the narrow-faced Squint Hollins. Harry did not even notice them. And as long as a man stayed to answer his queries, just so long did Harry remain, at last to rise, brush a few crumbs from his lightning-like suit, press his new hat gently upon his head with both hands and start forth once more on his rounds of saying hello. And there was nothing for Fairchild to do but to wait as patiently as possible for his return.

The afternoon grew old. Harry did not come back. The sun set and dinner was served. But Harry was not there to eat it. Dusk came, and then, nervous over the continued absence of his eccentric partner, Fairchild started uptown.

The usual groups were in front of the stores, and before the largest of them Fairchild stopped.

"Do any of you happen to know a fellow named Harry Harkins?" he asked somewhat anxiously. The answer was in the affirmative. A miner stretched out a foot and surveyed it studiously.

"Ain't seen him since about five o'clock," he said at last. "He was just starting up to the mine then."

"To the mine? That late? Are you sure?"

"Well—I dunno. May have been going to Center City. Can't say. All I know is he said somethin' 'bout goin' to the mine earlier in the afternoon, an' long about five I seen him starting up Kentucky gulch."

"Who's that?" The interruption had come in a sharp, yet gruff voice. Fairchild turned to see before him a man he recognized, a tall, thin, wiry figure, with narrowed, slanting eyes, and a scar that went straight up his forehead. He evidently had just rounded the corner in time to hear the conversation.

"I was merely asking about my partner in the Blue Poppy mine."

"The Blue Poppy?" the squint eyes narrowed more than ever. "You're Fairchild, ain't you? Well, I guess you're going to have to get along without a partner from now on."

"Get along without—?"

A crooked smile came to the other's lips.

"That is, unless you want to work with a crook—man. Harry Harkins got drowned, 'bout an hour ago, in the Blue Poppy shaft!"

(To be continued)

Grim Joke for the Professor.

President H. O. Vance of Oklahoma college said in an address in Oklahoma:

"The post-war changes have hit nobody harder than they have hit the college professor. The college professor is one of the poorest men in the world today."

"A young Latin instructor proposed to a young lady and was accepted. After their first tender transports were over they fell into serious talks."

"Now we are engaged," said the young woman, "we must begin to economize. Promise me, darling, that you won't do anything you can't afford."

"The young lady instructor laughed grimly."

"If I promised you that," he said, "I'd have to break off our engagement."—*Rehoboth Sunday Herald.*

Pavement Is Billboard.

City streets and sidewalks may be converted into temporary billboards by an invention resembling a lawnmower that prints the advertising message in water on the asphalt.

As the machine is pushed along by its operator, a spray of water from the tank in the upper half passes through a perforated belt or drum that acts as a stencil. The belt is of fine wire gauze with waterproof letters fastened upon it. In consequence it leaves a band of wet, dark pavement behind it, upon which the words of the advertisement stand out—dry and white.—*Popular Science Monthly.*

Indicates Treasure Trove.

Antiquarians are puzzled to account for some old coins found in the stomachs of bullocks slaughtered after grazing on the Shreeper marshes. Among the coins obtained from different animals during the past few days are a small coin dated 1700 bearing the name of Victor Arned of Sardinia, a Charles II farthing dated 1674, a George III half-penny dated 1806, and a Hamburg shilling dated 1727.—*London Mail.*

Treasure in Sacred Lakes.

It is known that for many centuries the Indians as a religious rite threw immense treasures into the sacred lake of Gustavia, Colombia. Professor Farabee, an American, discloses that pure gold to the value of \$900,000,000 to \$900,000,000 had been thrown into many other lakes of Central and South America.

Seek New Supplies of Ivory.

Genuine ivory is exceedingly scarce, and many hunters left Seattle last summer to prospect the Yukon and Norton sound tundras for mastodon tusks, says the Scientific American. Another source of supply is the Debring sea walrus and narwal.

Valuable Petroleum.

It has been said that every possible necessity of a man's life, except the water he drinks and the air he breathes, may be supplied either directly or indirectly through the use of petroleum products, and even water may be pumped by a gasoline engine.

8,000 HIKING CLUBS IN GREATER NEW YORK

They Swing Along Highways and Through Woods in Groups of Varying Size.

New York.—One must walk nowadays to be in the swim. Statistics gleaned from the out-door departments of the newspapers, from the Boy Scout and Campfire Girls' organizations, from the Y. M. C. A. branches and kindred bodies, from scores of amateur athletic clubs, and from the leading dealers in sporting goods, indicate that



"Best Walkers Make Best Citizens," Says Mayor of New York.

today there are no less than 8,000 hiking clubs in Greater New York, with a total membership of more than a quarter of a million men and women, who are keeping themselves in the pink of condition and experiencing the real joy of living by getting regularly out into the open country with no other means of locomotion than their God-given legs.

The city of New York has taken official notice of the movement. On three occasions recently Mayor Hylan has congratulated the boys and girls of the public schools upon their enthusiasm in taking up the new sport of hiking. In his dedication of the great new public playground in the Bronx the other day Mayor Hylan extolled the athletic tendencies of the boys and girls and impressed upon them that there was no better or more profitable way in which they could pass their vacations and utilize their holidays than by the excursions into field and forest of their walking clubs. He gave the same message to the Amateur Athletic Union of Brooklyn a few days later, and when a club of East Side boys and girls visited him at city hall preparatory to a "bike" to the tomb of Roosevelt at Oyster Bay he assured them that the best walkers among them would make the best citizens.

Walk and Be Well.

No less enthusiastic a champion of the walking game is Dr. Royal S. Copeland, city health commissioner. The benefit to health and the safeguard to morals to be found in long walks, said Dr. Copeland in an interview, "are too apparent to speak of them. If one takes long walks alone it is well, for he walks the road of health, but if he takes long walks in company it is better for he adds the tonic of companionship to his exercise. Walking is the one form of exercise in which there is the minimum risk of overdoing it. In short, I consider walking the most beneficial of all exercises and it is never out of season."

"Never in my life-time," said Edward R. Wilbur, manager of a nationally known sporting goods store, "have I known such a demand as now for outdoor garments and shoes and stock-ings and appliances for the tourist's ioncheon box. The rapid spread and tremendous popularity of the walking-club idea has no parallel in our experience."

"The hiker can make his requisite just what he feels like spending. Really, there are only two or three articles indispensable to hiking—thick walking shoes that allow lots of room, thick woolen socks and clothing that will give freedom of limb. He should have a canvas or leather musette bag, such as the soldiers used in France."

Was World's Champion Eater.

Bela Vezanyi, Budapest banker, has rendered his soul to his Maker. He was in a class by himself. In the first place, he was wealthy—since the war—and in Budapest, a vulgarly; in the second place he weighed more than four hundred pounds; in the third place he was the greatest eater in the world.

Every morning M. Vezanyi devoured twenty-four sausages and eight pounds of pate de foie gras for breakfast. At noon he engulphed three huge loaves of bread and six pounds of ham. In the evening—well, never mind!

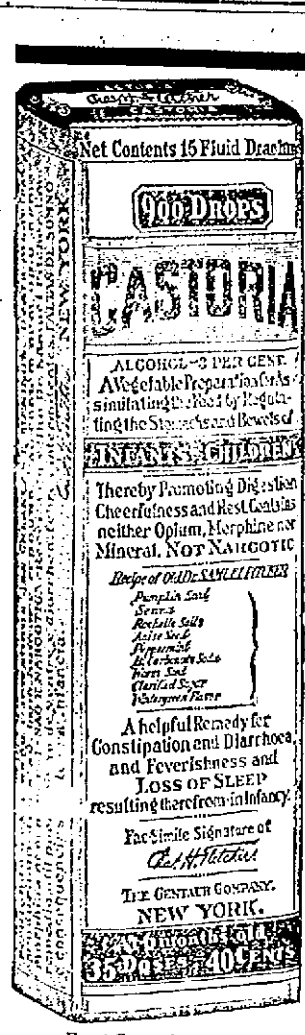
Probably, like the worthy caterer in "Grillon du Foyer," he declared: "I eat little, but I eat what I do with a fine appetite."

Words Worth Remembering.

Edward Everett stood deservedly high among intellectual giants, foremost statesmen and most eloquent orators. Once upon a time he gave expression to a thought that ought to be stamped upon every real American mind. "An intelligent people," he said, "can scarcely ever be, as a class, vicious, and never, as a class, indolent. The excited mental activity operates as a counterpoise to the stimulus of sense and appetite."

The Great Cathedrals.

They are more than buildings. The work of a man, a man can understand; but these are the work of ages, of nations. Nothing is marked, nothing is clever, nothing is individual nor thrust forward as artistic; they are serene, masterly, non-personal, like works of nature—indeed, they are such, natural manifestations of the minds of men working under the impulse of a noble idea.—W. H. Lethaby.



Exact Copy of Wrapper.

EATS ENOUGH FOR FOUR MEN

Probably Largest Human Consumer of Food in the World Threatens to Afflict Russia.

Highly interesting is the coincidence that the largest human consumer of food in the world should be a Russian, and, though at present outside that distressed country, he is announced as anxious to return to it in order to go to work on his father's farm. Nature has a queer habit of displaying extremes simultaneously as if to test with the observer.

The giant, Kazanoff, by name, is described in the Journal of the American Medical Association as being nine feet three inches tall and weighing 485 pounds, his proportions being symmetrical. Four meals a day are needed to stoke this physical engine, hunger being his governing emotion. In 24 hours he will consume from four to five pints of milk, from fifteen to twenty eggs, four pounds of meat, five or six loaves of bread and large quantities of potatoes, beans and other vegetables, washing down this gargantuan repast with from four to six pints of wine and eight to twelve pints of beer.

Tired of the monotonous life of a circus freak, this man mountain longs for his native Siberia, where his father is a farmer in moderate circumstances, and soon will leave Hungary for his home. The hope is placidly expressed that famine conditions are not prevalent at his destination, for the reason that, as he needs the quantity of food that will feed four average healthy men, he will be four times as hungry as his neighbors and therefore will become a menace to himself and the community.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

AIDS CHILDREN IN HOPPING

Pennsylvania Woman Has Put Forward Ingenious Device Which She Calls Grasshopper Feet.

Adult human beings are rarely seen to skip and hop. It is, however, a form of exercise in which children are wont much to indulge, to the great benefit of their physical development. Encouragement of this form of exercise is offered by the novel invention of a woman, Mary O. Southgate of New York. It is a pair of mechanical grasshoppers, of giant size, put on like a pair of shoes and fastened by straps and buckles to the child's feet. They have legs of spring steel, terminating in rings which hold rubber feet. A child equipped with these grasshoppers can hop, skip or jump much more actively, and can get over ground quicker, while the rubber feet lessen the shock of alighting and give a delightful sense of lightness.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

"Watchdog of the Treasury."

"The watchdog of the treasury" was a title first given to Judge William Steele Holman, a United States representative from Indiana. He was elected first in 1850, and with the exception of the Thirty-ninth, Fortieth, Forty-fifth, Forty-sixth and Forty-seventh congresses, served continuously until his death, April 22, 1897, in Washington. He received the "watchdog" title because of his championship of economy and his opposition to new appropriations and measures which he considered extravagant.

Multiplies Scenery.

A Russian widow, Mme. Ivan Noutkovsky, has devised an ingenious scheme for "multiple scenery," whereby two scenes are painted upon one canvas. Colored lights are thrown upon this drop-scene, which bring out certain colors while concealing others, so that with the same stage setting either a landscape or an interior may immediately be brought into view. Playing several acts with one set scenery is an idea that should appeal strongly to producers, both as a novelty and from an economical point of view.—*Scientific American.*

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

Mothers Know That
Genuine Castoria

Always
Bears the
Signature
of

Dr. J. C. H. H. H.

In
Use
For Over

Thirty Years

CASTORIA

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

Gold Film Is Transparent.
Gold 1-2,785,000 of an inch thick, or 10,584 times thinner than the ordinary sheet of printing paper has recently been produced. One grain of the precious metal of this thickness covers nearly four square feet of area and is perfectly transparent.

The process of obtaining the thinnest film is to cut a sheet of copper to a determined size and place it in an electric bath, where sufficient gold is deposited on one surface of the plate, to produce the finest gold color discernible. To separate the film of gold from the copper, the gold-plated copper strip is immersed in a weak solution of nitric acid for several days. The copper is entirely dissolved, leaving the film of gold floating on the surface of the liquid. The film is then collected on a glass plate.—*Popular Science Monthly.*

Mount Everest.

According to the latest determination of the Indian survey, the height of Mount Everest is 29,141 feet. It is the highest ascertained point on the surface of the globe. The greatest Himalayas present such difficulties that climbers have been compelled to refrain from attempting to reach their greatest heights, as well as from the fact that the effects of altitudes are not yet fully understood. The greatest mountain heights yet reached are 24,000 feet, by the duke of the Abruzzi during his expedition to the western Himalayas, and 24,000 feet by Norwegians on Kebra, one of the mountains near Darjeeling.

Kidding the Doctor.

The doctor was ready to leave, and was congratulating the father on the advent of the new baby, when a burly billiard man tearing by in hot pursuit of a dog.

The father blurted out in very undignified English: "Dnat that goat! I shall have to sell him. Doctor, would you like to buy him for your boys?"

"I don't know," said the doctor. "What do you want for him?"

"Well, how much is your bill?"

"Fifty dollars."

"Then you ought to give me sixty for the goat. A full-grown goat ought to be worth more than a kid."

She Answered Her.

An austere woman was lecturing a body of high school girls in a roomer town recently on the uselessness and wickedness of the fapper. After she had said that they were not fit to become the mothers of the next generation, she looked at a bobbed-haired little girl who had rouged and powdered her face rather heavily and demanded, "Young lady, what do you know about babies?"

For a minute the little fapper looked startled. Then she blushed a berry red, "Well, lady," she stammered, "I've stopped believing in the stork."—*Indianapolis News.*

Bird's Moving Day.

It is now a well-established fact, says an authority, that when the female woodcock desires to remove her young she takes them out, one at a time, between her feet and flies off with them to a place of safety.

Evening Things Up.

Things are about equal in this world. In a brass band it's harder to play the piccolo than the bass drum, but it's harder to carry the drum.

The Principal Inducement.

"What sends men into the far corners of the world?" asks one of the magazines. Our guess is that it is the hope of seeing their names in the newspaper headlines.

Spring Wooing Brings Joy.

Students of psychology of sex say that the really happy marriages, in which love is a lasting factor, are those which have followed a spring-time love-making.

Special Bargains

Fall and Winter Woolens.

Comparing the best goods and styles to be found in foreign or domestic fabrics at 1 per cent, less than our regular prices. This we do in order to make room for our Spring and Summer styles, which we will receive about Feb. 25. We guarantee the make-up of our goods to be the best and to give general satisfaction.

I. K. McLENNAN,
181 Thames Street
NEWPORT, R. I.

PLANTS NEED COLD WEATHER

Experiments Have Shown That in Northern Countries a Certain Amount Is Essential.

According to common belief, cold weather causes plants to become dormant during the fall, while warm weather the succeeding spring again induces new growth. Intensive investigations of Dr. Frederick V. Coville of the federal Department of Agriculture, which have been conducted over a period of ten years, and which have covered every phase of this subject, demonstrate that both of these traditional theories are erroneous. Dormancy in our native trees and shrubs begins some time before the start of cold weather each winter; the appearance of Jack Frost is not necessary for the establishment of complete dormancy. Furthermore, after such a condition of dormancy has developed, exposure of the plants to the ordinary growing temperature thereafter does not arouse them from their lethargy so that they begin growth anew.

Interestingly enough, the Coville experiments show that plants which have responded to the lure of autumn and winter dormancy will not react properly and resume normal growth the following spring unless they are subjected during the interim to a period of chilling. A certain amount of cold is essential to stimulating the plant growth.—*Scientific American.*

LIARS PRETTY WELL MATCHED

American Evidently Found Foamian Worthy of His Steel, in Old English Farmer.

An American poultry farmer went over to England to have a look round the poultry farms there and see where the farmers were making mistakes. "He did not hesitate to tell how far advanced was the art of poultry keeping in America, and spun several very tall yarns on that subject."

Twenty chickens from twelve eggs appeared to be an everyday occurrence in the United States, if the stories he told could be believed.

But a bluff old English farmer was not unduly impressed.

"Happen, mister," said the old man, "ye have never seen as many as a hundred chickens hatched by one hen at a setting?"

"Well," answered the American, "I can't say that I have, but—"

"Well, then, listen here, mister; I have," returned the farmer. "Down English way we allow all a barrel with eggs and set the old hen on the bung-hole!"—*Houston Post.*

The Sex of the Plane.

When the negroes of Stanley Pool saw the first two airplanes of the Belgian postal service land in the Congo region, their first impulse was to run away. However, on recognizing the uniform of the officers who descended from the apparatus, they immediately returned.

The next day their fear had completely disappeared. Why should they be afraid of these big birds? Were they not tamed by the white men? For they were surely a couple of birds; and without hesitation they pointed out the male bird and then the female.

Asked by what they could distinguish one from the other, they replied that it was not difficult. The birds did not know the country; the male bird descended first, then he called his female, that came down to land after him.

It is Mr. Louis Franck, minister of the Belgian colonies, who told this story at the Sorbonne.

Phillip Caught On.

Phillip was slow in his studies, due to the fact he did not apply himself, but spent most of his time playing. His aunt was at the house one day, and was telling about the little cousins—how well they were getting along in school, music, etc. Phillip took it all in, and as she was leaving, he said: "Much obliged, auntie, for trying to put a little ambition in me."

Lincoln's Address.

Mother had carefully spelled out Lincoln's address, inscribed on the cannon ball in front of the monument in Lincoln park. "All men are created free and equal," she read. Her small son pondered the problem for a long time, then said: "Ye wimmen, mawver, how is t'ey borned?"—*Chicago American.*

Hohenlinden and the Battle There.

Hohenlinden is a village in Upper Bavaria, 10 miles east of Munich. The French under Moreau defeated the Austrian army under the Archduke John there December 8, 1800. The Austrians lost eight thousand killed and wounded and twelve thousand prisoners, and the battle virtually ended the war. Thomas Campbell, British poet, wrote a lyric on the battle.

To Clean Rings.

Hot lather of soap, water and ammonia will clean rings better than most anything else; use a brush to remove the dirt from the chasing and beneath the stones. Dry on a warmed towel.

BARON AVELLANO

Return to Washington,
Diplomat Who May

Baron Romano Aveliano, former Italian ambassador in the United States who may return to that post succeeding Vittorio Bolanducci.

NAME EX-OFFICIALS
IN BIG LIQUOR PLOTNew York Doctor Is Among
Twelve Accused of Fraud In-
volving \$5,000,000.

Philadelphia.—A plot involving \$5,000,000 worth of whisky was brought to light when warrants were issued by United States Commissioner Manley at the request of George W. Coles, United States attorney, for the arrest of twelve men on a charge of bribery and conspiracy to defraud the government.

Among those for whom warrants were issued was Andrew Hamilton, who resigned recently as a police lieutenant. Others named in the plot are Matthew Griffin, former head of the United States Secret Service in this city; two other ex-Secret Service men, a customs inspector, a New York physician and Harold L. Smith, of Villa Nova, president of the Harold L. Smith Company, exporters.

According to H. H. Friedman, assistant United States attorney, the investigators have only scratched the surface in the conspiracy to defraud, and several higher-ups living in Washington will be arraigned. Also it is declared that diplomatic representatives of several foreign countries are involved. Lieutenant Hamilton denied having had any connection with the conspiracy.

"I never was more surprised in my life," he said, "than when I read of my alleged connection with the matter. I can't see how they involved me in it. I know none of the parties involved, with the exception of Matthew Griffin, whom I have known more than twenty-five years, and Herbert Simon, who works for Mr. Griffin."

Deputy United States marshals have started to round up the twelve men, and Commissioner Manley instructed the marshals to tell the accused that \$10,000 bail would be demanded of any who were held.

Secret Service agents have been working on the case eight months.

WORLD'S NEWS IN
CONDENSED FORM

NEW YORK.—Thirty-five Shipping Board boats have been ordered into service to carry coal from Britain to this country.

DUBLIN.—Harry Boland, De Valera's right hand man, was seriously wounded in a raid by State troops on a hotel in which Boland was in hiding. He was shot after refusing to surrender.

CONSTANTINOPLE.—Smyrna and other occupied states of Asia Minor will never be given back to Turkey by the Greeks, according to an announcement proclaiming Smyrna an autonomous state.

BERLIN.—Decline in the mark is chief topic in Berlin as prices continue to rise.

BERLIN.—Actual construction of the huge Zeppelin which Germany is to construct for the United States is now under way under the critical eyes of two American naval inspectors at Friedrichshafen in southern Germany.

LONDON.—Premier, Lenin, of Soviet Russia, is "all right," according to an official statement issued by Trotsky.

DRESDEN.—A beer selling strike threatens. Liquor dealers, incensed by a 50 per cent increase in price, planned to quit selling altogether as a protest.

MIDDLETOWN, N. Y.—Lieutenant Tracy Lyons, aviation section, United States Army, and Augustus Altemeyer, Jr., of Port Jervis, were burned to death at Port Jervis when an airplane in which they were riding crashed to earth. Breaking of a propeller caused the accident.

CONSTANTINOPLE.—A movement of British troops on the Asiatic side toward Tchatalja began. The Tchatalja region is quiet, but a few shots were exchanged between the Turkish gendarmes and a Greek patrol, three men on each side being wounded, though not seriously.

Maple Leaf Jean, an Ayrshire cow owned by Capt. A. Henry Higginson of South Lincoln, Mass., has established a new world's record for her class by producing 18,078 pounds of milk in 300 days. Maple Leaf Jean won first prize three times at the national dairy show and is a former Canadian grand champion.

GERMANS PLOT
POINCARÉ'S LIFEMonarchists Who Slew Rathenau
Involved in Conspiracy,
It Is Believed.

ALLIED NATION'S WARNING

Defenselessness of City of London to
Air Raids Is Source of Much Discon-
solation in Berlin—French Premier
Protected by Detectives.

Paris.—The French Foreign Office publishes the following note:

"The French government has been informed from a reliable source that in German monarchist quarters an attack on Premier Poincaré is said to have been planned."

No details are given officially, but it is understood that the information referred to was transmitted to Paris by the Berlin government as a result of discoveries by German police who have been investigating monarchist organizations, one of which was responsible for the recent assassination of Foreign Minister Rathenau.

The Premier stated that information regarding the plot to assassinate him was transmitted to him personally by an allied power. He refused to specify which power, but it is understood to be England.

The Premier also confirmed the surprise that the discovery was made during investigation of Rathenau's murder and that it was the same organization which planned the attempt on his life.

Paris.—When Premier Poincaré left Paris for his country home in the Department of the Meuse elaborate precautions for his safety were taken at the railway station. Scores of policemen and detectives surrounded his train or circled among the crowds. No one was allowed to approach the station platform unless he had a ticket permitting him to do so.

Numerous detectives accompanied the Premier to his country home. As a precautionary measure a pilot engine was sent ahead of the train to prevent any attempt at wrecking it.

The guard around the country home of M. Poincaré has been greatly increased. Ever since the assassination of Dr. Rathenau, M. Poincaré has probably been the most closely guarded prime minister of Europe. Every avenue to his residence in the Rue Marbeau has been watched night and day, and extraordinary precautions have been taken at the Foreign Office and while the Premier was riding to and from his home.

Aid Chief Sees London Defenseless

Berlin.—The views regarding the defenselessness of London against air raids, expressed in the Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung by the anonymous Odysseus, have been quickly confirmed by Colonel Hermann Thomsen, former chief of staff of the German air force, who organized many air raids on London and other British towns during the war and is regarded here as the greatest expert in such matters. Colonel Thomsen said:

"It is a mystery to me that high officials in British air circles have profited so little from their war experience. London is now almost defenseless. Within a few hours—perhaps it would take only minutes—the principal military buildings of the British capital could be reduced to heaps of smoldering ashes."

"But the British press recently alluded to certain measures taken for London's protection," one of his listeners said.

"If London has no other protection than that described in the papers, then in my opinion it is practically defenseless," he replied.

Colonel Thomsen refused to criticize the British measures for air defense in detail, but he said:

"I left the German army after the war, but I have carefully watched the development of aeroplanes all over the world since. Having been in the air service since 1908, I may be considered an expert. My special study is and has been problems of air raids and air defenses. And I believe, Colonel Thomsen added sarcastically, "that my studies have not gone entirely unobserved in England during the war, for then the British press extensively printed my photographs with every significant comment."

FORD CAMPAIGN STARTED

"We Want Henry" Brings Many Replies.

Chicago.—Thousands of replies from all parts of the country, stating "We Want Henry," have been received in response to a circular sent out by the Henry Ford for President Club, Secretary E. F. Kelley announced.

Within a short time, Mr. Kelley said, an extensive campaign will be begun to show what he termed "the public demand for Henry Ford for President."

GREECE REASSURES ALLIES

Promises Not to March on Constantinople Without Their Consent.

Constantinople.—The Greek government has informed the Allied Commission that it does not intend marching on Constantinople without the permission of the Allies. It was announced.

The military movements in Thrace are explained as a reorganization of the positions of the army in the event that the Allies authorize action against Constantinople and for swift movement along the front.

Angered by the failure of an attempt to run away from home, Howard O'Brien, 9-year-old son of James O'Brien of Swampscott, Mass., attempted suicide by throwing himself in front of a Danvers street electric car. The boy's father, who was searching for him, rushed to the tracks and saved him.

DR. M. C. HALL

Thought to Have Dis-
covered Hookworm Cure

Twenty thousand natives of the Fiji Islands have been successfully treated for hookworm by a method discovered by Dr. Maurice C. Hall of the United States Department of Agriculture. What is believed to be the positive cure for hookworm is a chemical known as carbon tetrachloride, which is commonly used as a clothes cleaner.

TO BLOCK ATTACK BY
GREEKS ON TURKEYBritish Force Joins French on
Tchatalja Line to Bar Way
to Capital.

London.—The action of Greece in threatening to march on Constantinople and proclaiming autonomy for Smyrna and its hinterland again has forced the difficult Near Eastern problem to the forefront in diplomacy.

Dispatches from Constantinople state that British troops are being moved to the Tchatalja line; to reinforce French troops already there, to prevent Greek forces moving from Thrace on Constantinople or attempting to cross into Asia Minor to reinforce the Greek army there. British naval units are being sent from Malta to strengthen the fleet now off the Golden Horn.

Premier Lloyd George in a statement to Parliament was able to give reassuring information concerning the crisis—to the effect that Greece had reaffirmed its previous undertaking not to invade the neutral zone, including Constantinople, without the consent of the Allies.

The Premier expressed the opinion that the motive for the Greek action was to expedite a settlement of the Near Eastern question. He added that a meeting of the Powers chiefly concerned would be convened to discuss the situation.

In this matter Great Britain, France and Italy all are agreed not to permit Greece to force matters by a march upon Constantinople, but they are by no means agreed on a general policy concerning the Near East. It is considered that it was knowledge of this disagreement which induced Greece to attempt to force the situation by proclaiming the autonomy of Smyrna, hoping by so doing to prevent the proposed solution of the situation by returning this territory to Turkey.

LATEST EVENTS
AT WASHINGTON

Federal coal distribution machine begins operation.

Senator Dial to urge Harding to withdraw Tolbert nomination in South Carolina to avoid a fight in the senate.

Henry Ford's Muscle Shoals offer assailed by Senator McKinley in a letter to Gray Silver of the Federal Farm Bureau.

Enactment of tariff bill expected by Democrats in September, by Republicans in October. Vote may come late in August. Finance Committee upheld on final vote on wool schedules. Silk rates taken up.

Hughes objects to Underwood's plan for all-American commission to settle claims against Germany.

Hoover calls on governors to take charge of coal production in their own states, and regulate prices. Federal fuel administrator to direct interstate fuel distribution, with special attention to railroads.

With consideration of the wool schedule nearly completed, a final vote on the tariff bill is expected about August 15, after which, if no further hitch in the program occurs in conference committee, congress may adjourn early in October.

Storm breaks in tariff debate when Caraway asks investigation of the charges that senators personally interested in wool growing are framing wool duties. Gooding offers to resign. Wadsworth blocks action on Caraway resolution.

Acting Secretary of the Navy Roosevelt ordered Major General Jeune, commandant of the marine corps, to send one officer and three or four enlisted marines into the Teapot Dome Naval Reserve, Wyoming, at a place about 40 miles from Casper, to eject oil squatters who have begun drilling for oil.

Sewall street, Portland, extending from Congress street to the Maine Central railroad, was closed to traffic until unknown quantities of tacks, spread over large sections of the thoroughfare to the railroad shops where several hundred men are on strike, had been swept up by a two-horse street sweeper.

COAL OUTPUT
DOESN'T IMPROVEPresident's Invitation Has No
Effect in Anthracite Field and
Very Little on Bituminous

STATE AGENCIES CO-OPERATE

United States Assumes Duties of Coal
Dealer—Machinery for Control and
Distribution Complete, but Sup-
ply of Product Seems Limited.

WASHINGTON.—President Harding's invitation to the coal operators of the country to reopen their mines has had absolutely no effect on the anthracite industry, and but little, if any, on the bituminous situation.

Reports to the Geological Survey show that during last week the output of soft coal increased between 200,000 and 300,000 tons, or from 3,700,000—that of the previous week—to a little more than 3,900,000 tons. The invitation had no effect whatever on the anthracite industry, which remains just what can be dredged from the river beds.

Despite the unfavorableness of the first test of production under State protection, Secretary Hoover and other members of the President's Fuel Distribution Committee refuse to be discouraged and believe that when the emergency order of the Interstate Commerce Commission comes into full effect the situation will show a decided improvement.

The Government's emergency organization under Henry B. Spencer, Federal Fuel Distributor has begun its active work.

"The Federal Government will limit its activities in coal distribution entirely to interstate questions," Secretary of Commerce Hoover said in outlining the plan of coal distribution communicated to the governors of the states.

Henry B. Spencer, Mr. Hoover said, was inadvertently denominated as "fuel administrator" when his title in fact is "fuel distributor."

The Federal distributor, said Mr. Hoover, is concerned with coal distribution between the different states, not with coal administration in the sense of the war organization.

The control of coal distribution to individual consumers within the state boundaries is entirely in the hands of state authorities except for railway coal.

The methods of handling coal for railways responsible to the Interstate Commerce Commission will be determined directly from Washington in maintaining interstate commerce.

Distribution problems vary in different groups of states; that is in New England, Middle Atlantic, Southern, Middle West, northern Lake states, Intermountain and Pacific States. The last two groups are able to look after themselves and are not now embraced in active administration.

Each state outside the latter groups has been requested to canvass its situation as to stocks and requirements in order of the priority in different classes—public utilities, public institutions, and industrial coal.

Each state has been asked to make such rules and regulations as it may see fit to control speculation and distribution within the boundaries of the state. It has been suggested that the co-operation of their state wholesale and retail coal dealers associations should be secured. The Federal Government has no authority and can exert none in this matter beyond moral pressure.

Each state that must import coal from other states has been asked to create a central state agency or committee for the purchase or guarantee of purchases of coal that may be imported into the state from other states or from abroad, all coal to be consigned to an agency designed by the state.

By this arrangement a great deal more mobility is given the state authorities in shifting coal to meet its local emergencies. Furthermore, this arrangement will remedy the financial impossibility of asking coal producers to ship to strange consumers, whose reliability must be established.

Where coal is already flowing through natural channels to priority concerns approved by the state agencies it will continue, but it will form part of the state quota.

John W. McLane of Cromwell, Conn., found a 20-pound snapping turtle in his hen yard when he went to feed his chickens. He asserts the turtle climbed the 10-foot wire fence and made its entrance that way, for there was no other way. Mr. McLane made a soup of the critter.

TINY PIMPLES
ON FACE BODY
And Arms. Very Itchy.
Cuticura Healed.

"For some time I was bothered with an irritation of the skin. Later tiny pimples broke out on my face, body and arms. They were very itchy and caused me great discomfort during the night. I used different remedies without success. I began using Cuticura Soap and Ointment and was completely healed in six or seven weeks, after using two boxes of Cuticura Ointment, together with the Cuticura Soap." (Signed) Victor C. Cantor, 299 New Main St., Yonkers, N. Y.

Give Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Talcum the care of your skin. Sample Each Free by Mail. Address: Cuticura Laboratories, Dept. of Medicine, 1230 Broadway, New York City. Sold every-where. Soap 25c, Ointment 25c, Talcum 25c. Cuticura Soap shaves without mug.

DEPOSITS

July, 1922	\$12,928,402.30
July, 1921	\$12,231,519.95
Increase	\$696,882.35

The Savings Bank of Newport

Newport, R. I.

HOW TO MAKE FINANCIAL PROGRESS

Work faithfully—save earnestly—and deposit regularly with The Industrial Trust Company, and you will make good financial progress.

Your account is invited.

4 Per Cent. Interest paid on Participation Accounts

Money deposited on or before the 15th of any month, draws interest from the 1st of that month.

THE INDUSTRIAL TRUST
COMPANY

(OFFICE WITH NEWPORT TRUST COMPANY)

EVERY ARTICLE SOLD IS MADE ON THE PREMISES

SIMON KOSCHNY'S SONS

Manufacturing Confectioners

232 Thames Street

Branch, 16 Broadway

NEWPORT, R. I.

CHOCOLATES A SPECIALTY MARZIPAN CONFECTION.

All Chocolate Goods are made of Walter Baker Chocolate Covering

FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC CAKES A SPECIALTY.

INDIVIDUAL ICES AND SHERBETS

All Orders
Promptly
Attended to

CHOICE CANDIES MADE DAILY

TELEPHONE CONNECTION

All Goods
Are Pure
AbsolutelyNEWS HAPPENINGS
OF GENERAL INTERESTItems Cleared From All Parts
of New England

A mongrel dog, refusing to be separated from his young master, spent a night in a cell of the Chelsea, Mass. police station with one of three youths arrested for stealing empty kegs and cans in Chelsea.

Judge Mack entered a decree disbaring former Dist. Atty. Joseph C. Pelletier of Suffolk county, Mass., from practice in the United States district court. The case has been pending for considerable time and Pelletier has had several notices to appear.

Potentate "Jim" Dunning of Anah temple, Mystic Shrine, of Bangor, will make Aug. 24 the biggest fraternal day ever observed in the state. On that day the representative of the Imperial council will come on to institute Anah and to hand its potentate the charter.

Chief Burckes of the Lynn police notified his men that when an unlicensed or injured dog was to be killed, the owner of the animal would be charged \$1. Hitherto animals to be disposed of were shot by police officers and the dog officer notified, who took away the remains, the city receiving no reimbursement for the ammunition used.

Representatives of organized labor, who by invoking the referendum held up the operation of the bill passed by the last Manchester Legislature adding 60 men to the state police, or constabulary, has failed to file the necessary 15,000 signatures of voters. As a consequence Commissioners of Public Safety Alfred P. Poole will begin at once to recruit.

"Hello" said Schmuck, "what's the matter son?" The figure straightened salute and remarked: "I want to join the navy. I'm past nine now and I thought I ought to do something for the flag. I'll scrub decks or anything. When do I get my uniform?" Schmuck will report the case to his superior as that of the young recruit applicant for enlistment ever received.

Portland is a great centre for hikers, and among the most energetic of the season was a trio of girls which arrived in the city, having hit the trail from New York state. They left New York, where they are teachers in the public schools, took the night boat to Albany and continued through the Adirondack country via Lake George, leaving at Baldwin they started school, refusing several invitations to ride.

The Boston University school of theology has opened a new department in the school of methods for rural communities. Pastors and rural workers have already enrolled as students from 15 districts of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Massachusetts, Vermont, Rhode Island, Maine and New Hampshire. This training school for rural workers is one of a number which are being held this summer under the auspices of the board of home missions and church extension of the Methodist Episcopal church.

NATIONALS CAPTURE TIPPERARY

Irish Rebel Stronghold Occupied by Dublin Troops.

London.—The town of Tipperary was captured by Free State troops Sunday morning, says a dispatch to the Times from Dublin. The attack was commenced Saturday by troops from Dublin.

No progress was made for some hours, owing to the absence of artillery. The irregulars were well fortified and commanded the main road with machine guns.

ATTACK OLD CULM BANK

Coal Mined 75 Years Ago Will Be Utilized to Heat Schools.

Pottsville, Pa.—Coal mined 75 years ago will be used in the schools of this city and neighboring towns next winter. Fearing that a supply of coal might not be obtainable, the School Board here has contracted for coal from a culm bank, three-quarters of a century old. The coal has been found to be nearly as good as fresh mined coal, and is sold for \$7 a ton, somewhat less than the other coal.

Daily Needle Consumption.

The world uses up an average of 3,000,000 needles a day.

Bagpipe on Ancient Coin.

Bagpipes are shown on a Roman coin dating back to 80 A. D.

The Broken Compact

By ELIZABETH R. GREENE

Shadrach started disconsolately at the uncleaned breakfast table.

He was sick of doing dishes; yes, sir, sick of it. Why in tunket he'd made that fool compact with Jerry—

"The door opened and Jerry himself came in."

"Ain't that tunket hot yet?" he demanded, jerking off the stove-cover. "I sump, if you ain't got there an' let the fire go out, Shadrach Hull!"

"I can't do everything I want!" snapped the long-suffering Shadrach. "There's work enough in this house for ten men an' a boy," he growled.

Captain Jerry chuckled as he restored the fire.

"Well, you had your choice, Shad," he answered. "If you're gettin' tuckered out, we can swap 'round a spell."

"Humph! Lot you know 'bout housework an' cookin' an'—an' takin' care o' hens."

"The tunket was steaming now and Jerry snatched it up."

"What you callin' on havin' for supper, Shad?" he asked suspiciously, pausing at the door.

"Dunno," replied his partner above the tunket in the dishpan. "Why?"

"Beans would go down good," suggested Jerry mildly. "S'pose—"

"No, I couldn't!" promptly. "You won't eat 'em when I cook 'em. Jerry Webb, an' I ain't got to do all that work for the hens—I sump I ain't."

The Captain smothered a sigh as he stepped out into the frosty February air. Life with Shadrach had its drawbacks, but it was better than living alone. Jerry's friendly heart was not meant for solitude nor dis-

content, but there were times when he did get "a-bankerin'" for Melissy had the joys of other days.

Melissy, as everyone knew, had been one of the best wives and housekeepers in Dustin and for twenty years Jerry had partaken of feasts fit for the gods. Then Melissy died and Jerry was left alone.

It was Shadrach who had come to the rescue with a proposal that had sounded plausible enough.

He, Shadrach, lived alone and the house was "a-plenty big" for Jerry "hung up his hat" there, too.

"You can't cook no more'n a baby, Jerry," Shadrach had expostulated. "Now, I'm used to gettin' my victuals 'bout a woman fassin' 'round an' cookin' for one more—shol for a man like me, it's a cinch, Jerry!"

It had proved a winning, if misleading, argument and Jerry had cast in his lot irrevocably with his boyhood chum.

To guard against desertion of the plan by either one, Shadrach had drawn up a compact in which he himself was to share half the living expenses, serve as cook, and, in short, relieve Jerry of the burden of household cares.

The Captain, on his part, was to "shoulder" the other half of the expenses, keep the pair provided with fish and keep himself immune from the wiles of scheming widows, especially the Widow Tripp.

Shadrach had deemed it wise to take this precaution with Jerry, for the Widow Tripp lived just across the road and you never can tell—

If Jerry rebelled at this clause of the compact, he gave no sign of it to the watchful Shadrach.

But this morning, as he walked to the store, Jerry's contented mind was, it must be admitted, harboring revolt.

Shadrach had served one of his famous "odds and ends" breakfasts that morning, and it was only the hope that Miss Sally would be frying doughnuts that had kept the Captain's spirits up at all.

At the gate of a small cottage Jerry paused and sniffed the air expectantly.

"By Juppiter, she is!" he exclaimed. "I'd better see if she needs a pull of water. A woman oughtn't to lug water. I never let Melissy."

Miss Sally's pails were empty, sure enough.

When they had been refilled and placed at the end of the kitchen sink, Jerry was proffered a plate of hot, sugared doughnuts.

"Juppiter!" he ejaculated, between sips of the "odds and ends" breakfast.

"Do eat all you can of 'em, Jerry," urged Miss Sally. "I declare, I have hard work to get things at up. A body can't relish much settin' down alone."

"No," agreed the Captain, sympathetically, "but there's wass things, Sally," he sighed, thinking of the "odds and ends" breakfast.

Miss Sally, pouring beans into a shining brown beaut, made no answer.

"I see you don't share Shadrach's grudge against beans," smiled Jerry. "Grudge?"

"Yes, Shadrach won't bake beans—he's terrible set on it!"

Miss Sally, looking up, caught the wistfulness in the Captain's eyes.

"I declare," she said impulsively, "would do my appetite good if you'd stop in then tonight on your way home and help me out these up."

"If you mean it?" gasped Jerry incredulously. "By gum, I'll come then," he promised, forgetting in his delight the latest compact.

The Captain trudged guiltily homeward in the early dusk. He had eaten a supper the like of which he hadn't tasted since the days of Melissy, but the joy of it was already fading. Confidence, like an avenging angel, was reminding him now of the broken compact.

"Jing that compact!" muttered Jerry. "I sump I ain't got to be tied to it no longer. A woman like Sally Dakin don't grow on every bush—I'll tell Shad so tonight."

But as he neared the house the Captain's resolve grew rapidly weaker. Shadrach had been a good pal—it was going to be hard to break with him.

Jerry paused and wiped his puckered brow.

"You're in the mess, Jeremiah Webb," he soliloquized grimly, "an' you can't get out of it—honorable. You've got to stan' by that fool compact."

When he opened the kitchen door, however, he stared in amazement at the scene before him.

Seated in the arm-chair by the fire sat Shadrach, one arm bandaged and a white cloth tied over one eye.

"Great Scott!" exclaimed Jerry. "What in tunket's the matter?"

Shadrach squirmed uneasily. "Ice jammed 'up my' hit me when I was dancin' the ashes," he explained absently.

"Humph! Hurt much?"

"Oh, no; only sprained my arm a little, an' got a few cluders in my eye. Where you been so long?" he added hastily.

It was Jerry's turn to look confused.

"Me?" he asked innocently. "Oh, I ain't hurried much. Who done up your arm?"

"Marthy. She see me fall an' come over."

"Marthy?" Jerry's bewilderment was superb.

"Yes, yes—Marthy Tripp. Don't stan' there gapin' so, Jerry. Get ready for supper."

"I—I ain't hungry," stammered his partner. "I—"

The door opened abruptly admitting the Widow Tripp.

She had brought over a second bowl of beans—for Jerry this time—and she had found the eye-stone for Shadrach.

The shameless Jerry sat down to his beans, grinning wickedly across the table to Shadrach behind the widow's back.

His partner fumbled with the bandage, pretending not to notice.

He protested faintly at the eye-stone, but it was useless. The widow had brought that eye-stone over to use—and use it she did, effectively, too; for the cluders came out of Shadrach's weeping orb.

At last, Shadrach and Jerry were alone in the kitchen.

"Reckon we best turn in, Jerry," said Shadrach. "I feel purty well shook up."

"Heart's th' muss, ain't it?"

"Don't be a fool, Jerry. Marthy Tripp's a wonder—I found that out today. Woman like her don't grow on every bush!"

Jerry leaned forward considerably. "That's what I thought tonight 'bout Sally Dakin," he said deliberately, "when I took supper with her an' busted th' compact."

As Shadrach received this astounding news in silence, Jerry added apologetically:

"Honest, 'twas 'fore I thought, Shad. I clean forgot the compact—"

"Humph!" Shadrach rose and limped by to the clock-shelf. When he returned, he held the compact in his hand. Before Jerry could speak, he had thrust it into the fire.

"Reckon that bloom'n' thing's had its day," he remarked sheepishly.

"Shake!" cried Jerry heartily, "an' let's make it a double weddin', pard!"

CONDENSED CLASSICS

THE HOUSE OF SEVEN GABLES

By NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

Condensation by Josephine Van Tassel Bruorton

Soon after the publication of "The Scarlet Letter," Hawthorne moved to Lenox, Mass., where he wrote "The House of Seven Gables." There has always been much or less discussion as to which house of Salem was pictured in this story; some persons claiming one, some another.

It has become somewhat of an accepted fact that the house on Turner street, now kept as a memorial, is the original house of the story. It was purchased by Miss Emerson of Salem, and during the work of restoration there were found no more gables than at first appeared; the same discovery as that now, at least, it is a house of seven gables.

Some years ago it was stated that Hawthorne himself, when asked about it, claimed that he had no particular house in mind when writing the story, but made a composite picture of several.

Hawthorne went back to Concord, going on with his literary work, and publishing "Mosses from an Old Manse" and "The House of the Seven Gables," during this period the author lived at "Weymouth."

The writings of Hawthorne show a subtle imagination and a curious power of analysis. Beside great mental traits, he possessed the literary quality of style—a grace and charm, a perfection of language, which no other American writer possessed in the same degree.

And which places Hawthorne among the great masters of English prose: His friend and college-mate, Longfellow, in reviewing "Twice Told Tales," said that "it came from the hand of a genius," and praised it for its style, which, he said, "was as clear as a running stream."

While Hawthorne lacked the accomplishment of verse, he was in the highest sense a poet.

YOUR courtesy, I beg you to call this tale a romance, rather than a novel; for it makes attempt to connect a bygone time with the present that is even now drifting away from us. It is a legend, bringing with it the mist of the past floating round each character and event—even round the old house itself.

Sometimes it drifts aside and you catch a glimpse of older days—days when Colonel Pyncheon, out of pure covetousness, despoiled old Wilezard Maule of his house and little plot of land—days when Maule cursed the colonel for his sin and foretold: "God would give him blood to drink!"—days when Thomas Maule, son of the wizard, built for Colonel Pyncheon over his father's very threshold, the House of the Seven Gables.

On the day when Hepzibah Pyncheon trod her bride up the stairs and opened the little cent-shop, built in the front gable of the old house, there were but few of the Pyncheon blood left. Judge Pyncheon, his son (who died abroad and enters not into this tale), Hepzibah and her brother Clifford, little Phoebe Pyncheon (who had come for a long visit) and a few cousins, were all. The race of Maule was supposed extinct—at least there were none known.

Long since Hester had let one of the gables to a daguerreotypist named Holgrave; and none others were in the old house save herself and Clifford (now pardoned out after serving sentence for the supposed murder of an uncle), and little Phoebe.

Judge Pyncheon was the great man of the town; but, despite his ever-ready smile and studied benevolence, he was not greatly liked. Hepzibah shrank away from him and Clifford shrieked when he would have forced his way in to see him.

Hepzibah and Clifford scarce left the house even for the garden; but Phoebe and young Holgrave met there often; and the kindly mist made itself thin between them till they saw each other clear and their hearts drew close and love came to them—but so softly, and sweetly they knew it not for love, but called it by that other sweet name—friendship.

Then Phoebe must needs go home—and with her went all the sunshine, and the mist drifted back—and all the scant happiness that had come with her to Hepzibah and Clifford for a little, fled away.

When she had gone the Judge became even more determined to see Clifford.

"Cousin Hepzibah," he begged, with his most benevolent smile, "let me see Clifford."

"You cannot," said Hepzibah. "Since yesterday he hath kept his bed."

"What?" cried the Judge. "Is he ill? Then I must and will see him. There is none who would so delight to promote his happiness and wellbeing. I beg of you to let me see him, Hepzibah."

"In the name of Heaven!" cried Hepzibah, her anger overcoming her fear, "give over, I beseech you, this loathsome pretence of affection for your victim. You let him go to prison under false accusation. You hate him! Say so, like a man! At this moment you cherish some black purpose against him in your heart! Speak it out! But never speak again of your love for my poor brother."

The Judge's benevolent countenance became hard.

"Cousin Hepzibah," he said, "it is my fixed purpose to see Clifford before I leave this house. I will give you my reason. Of my uncle's estate, which I inherited, not one-third was apparent when he died. Clifford can give me a clue to the recovery of the remainder. It is as certain as that I stand here!"

"And what if he refuse?"

"My dear cousin," smiled the Judge, blandly, "the alternative is his confinement for the remainder of his life in a public asylum for the insane."

"You cannot mean it!" cried Hester;

but the Judge only shrugged his shoulders and said: "Time flies. Bid Clifford come to me," and Hester turned and went slowly up the stairs and knocked at her brother's door, and called. None answered. After long waiting, she knocked again; then she undid the door and entered—the chamber was empty.

Back she ran down the stair, calling frantically:

"Clifford is gone! Help, Jeffrey Pyncheon! Some harm will come to him!" She ran through the hall, calling and searching for him. When she approached the parlor door again, Clifford stood in the door, coming from within. He pointed his finger back into the room.

"Come Hepzibah!" he cried with a wild gesture. "The weight is gone from us! We can slog and laugh, now. Aye! we can be as light-hearted as little Phoebe herself."

Horror-stricken at his looks and motions, Hepzibah slipped past him into the parlor. Almost immediately she returned—a cry choking in her throat.

"My God!" she cried, "What will become of us!"

"Come with me!" cried Clifford, still with that wild gaiety. "Put on your cloak and hood, take your purse with money in it, and come!"

Still with that wild gaiety so foreign to him, Clifford led the way, first to the depot—where he made her take the train—when they left it at an out-of-the-way station, still leading, he drifted away with her into the cold, sullen mist.

With the day came many people to the cent-shop; but none gained admittance; but when Phoebe came, the garden-door opened for her. A hand clasped hers and she was led into the disused reception room. The sun streamed in through the uncurtained windows and she saw her companion was Holgrave.

He told her the Judge was dead—in the same manner as his ancestor "to whom God had given blood to drink!" He convinced her that the uncle for whose supposed murder Clifford had suffered for thirty years had died in the same fashion.

"We must not hide it a moment longer!" cried Phoebe. "Clifford is innocent! God will make it manifest! Let us throw the door wide and call the neighbors to see the truth!"

"Wait!" begged Holgrave. "Phoebe, in all our lives there can never be another moment like this. Is it all terror? Are you conscious of no joy, as I am, that has made this the only point of life worth living for?"

"It seems a sin," faltered Phoebe, "to speak of joy at such a time."

"Phoebe," cried Holgrave, "before you came, my past was lonely and dreary—my future seemed a shapeless gloom. With you came hope, warmth and joy. I love you, Phoebe. Do you love me?"

"Look into my heart," said Phoebe, dropping her eyes. "You know I love you."

At that moment the mingled voices of Hepzibah and Clifford came to them. Phoebe and her lover went to meet them. Hepzibah, when she saw them, burst into tears—Clifford smiled and murmured that the Rose of Eden had bloomed in the old house at last.

By the death of Judge Pyncheon, Hepzibah, Clifford and Phoebe became rich. They decided to live, at the Judge's country place. At the very moment of departure, through Clifford's troubled mind drifted a recollection of the blue when a wife boy, he had discovered the secret spring which caused the portrait of the colonel (before which they stood), to swing forward—disclosing a recess wherein were important papers. But he had forgotten the secret of the spring.

"Perhaps I can recall it," said Holgrave, and touched the spring.

It was much rusted and therefore, when released, the portrait tumbled to the floor. There was the recess—and there, the title-deeds to vast Indian lands—old Jeffrey Pyncheon's missing property.

"But how came you to know the secret of the spring?" Phoebe asked of Holgrave, apart.

"My dearest Phoebe," smiled Holgrave, "how will it please you to take the name of Maule? This secret is the only inheritance that has come down to me from that ancestor. When Thomas, son of Wilezard Maule, built this house, he took the opportunity to construct this recess and hide away those title-deeds. I would have told you this before, but I feared to frighten you."

Phoebe's smile forgave him; and as their carriage rolled away, the old House of the Seven Gables, freed from its burden of secret and curse, smiled after them brightly as the mist lifted and fled away.

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Would Have All Registered.

The chief of the Bertillon bureau of the Buffalo police department says that the government ought to register the finger prints of everybody in the United States. There would be so many advantages in this, he says, that no good citizen would be willing to be unregistered.

Men and Women Played With Dolls.

Hugh Capet, the first king of France, away back in the year 887, gave a fancy dress ball, at which he presented the women of the court wonderfully made dolls dressed in exact reproduction of costumes worn by the favored ones. From that time until the Italian Renaissance French dolls were the finest in the world, and French men and women played with them almost as much as did their children.—Leslie's Weekly.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

Among other flyers of this country who went through the war unharmed and succumbed in peacetime flights are Hugh Gordon Campbell, Syracuse university athlete and American ace, who died when his airplane fell into the ocean at Atlantic City; Capt. Field B. Hawker, who was killed dur-

AIRMEN FALL IN CASUAL VENTURES

Tragedy of Captain Hamilton Adds to Appallingly Long List of Victims.

CAREFUL OR DARING, THEY GO

Is It Luck, Aviators Ask, or Are They Headless of Minor Dangers Since the War—Distinguished Names in List.

Washington.—After facing death a thousand times with the marines at Chateau Thierry, St. Mihiel, Belleau Wood and in the two Meuse-Argonne offensives, Capt. George D. Hamilton returned to this country and peace times to die a few days ago while piloting an airplane in a sham battle in Gettysburg. His machine crashed to earth from a height of 400 feet above the historic battlefield.

In France Captain Hamilton's record for daring and for hairbreadth escapes was not surpassed by that of any one in the A. E. F. He received the Distinguished Service Cross from his own government, and was decorated twice by the French for gallantry. A thrilling war palatine commemorates one of his deeds. It depicts him, at that time a major, leading a battalion of marines across a pontoon bridge over the Meuse under the heavy artillery and machine gun fire in an effort to establish a bridgehead.

Uninjured by enemy bullet, gas, or high explosive shell, Captain Hamilton was mustered out of the service after the armistice. He rejoined, however, a few months later, and entered the aviation corps. In the air the former "soldier of the sea" displayed the same courage and intrepidity for which he had been known at the front. These qualities, combined with skill and a natural aptitude for flying, soon put him in the forefront of our aviators.

Then came the end. With a number of others of his corps Captain Hamilton was sent to take part in the maneuvers at Gettysburg, where his old comrades, the marines, were playing at war. While scouting ahead of the Fifth regiment of marines "something went wrong," and death claimed a life that had seemed charmed against all mishap.

The passing of Captain Hamilton adds another name to the already dreadfully long list of aviators who dared every peril in war or in epoch-making flights across land and sea, and lived—only to perish in some casual enterprise that hardly seemed a venture. To compile the appalling record, it is necessary to go back to the days of pioneer aviation, when men like Arch Hoxey, Ralph Johnson, John B. Moisant and others met death in their rudimentary machines. The history of the air since the war brought aircraft to a high degree of perfection, has caused it to become almost an omen among aviators that their best may win a hundred odds on gambles with the grim reaper and then lose when everything seemed in their favor.

No country has been exempt. England, France, America, Italy. In fact, every nation where flying is common has furnished its quota of victims.

Carlstrom's Care of No Avail.

Seven years ago Victor Carlstrom was regarded as one of the great aviators in America. He was already a holder of three American records when in 1916 he attempted a non-stop flight from Chicago to New York, for the New York Times. He was unsuccessful in this, being forced to land at Erie, Pa., and Hammondsport, N. Y. When he finally got out of his plane on Governors Island, Carlstrom said:

"I shall never be killed by taking chances, because I do not believe in taking chances. But some day my machine will collapse, and I will get it, just as so many other aviators have gotten it."

His prophecy came true, on May 9, 1922, while flying at Newport News, Va., as an instructor lieutenant in the United States army air service, his machine crumpled 3,600 feet above the earth, and Carlstrom, together with a pupil pilot, Cary B. Epps, "got it."

Another American who thus met his fate after coming unscathed through all sorts of dangers was Robert T. H. Baker, better known as "Hokey" Baker, the Princeton athlete. Baker had a splendid war record, with a number of enemy planes to his credit. On one occasion he attacked a German fighting machine, 20,000 feet up. In this battle above the clouds Baker followed his adversary down almost to the ground, before a well-directed shot from his machine gun gave the final coup de grace.

After the armistice, in December, Baker left the Second army and started home by way of Paris. His fighting days were over, and he looked forward to peace and to college reunions and a promising career in business.

While waiting for transportation, he motored out to Toul one day to look over his old Spad. He decided to go aloft just once more. What happened? No one understands exactly. It is said that Baker undertook to fly another officer's machine, one that had recently been repaired. He got only 150 feet above the ground when the airplane collapsed and the body of the young officer was removed from the debris.

Among other flyers of this country who went through the war unharmed and succumbed in peacetime flights are Hugh Gordon Campbell, Syracuse university athlete and American ace, who died when his airplane fell into the ocean at Atlantic City; Capt. Field B. Hawker, who was killed dur-

ing maneuvers at Kelly field, Texas; Kenneth Earle and Maxwell Blanchard, killed at Palm Beach; Lieut. Pat Logan, who fell at Baltimore; Lieut. James Murray Orler, formerly of the famous Lafayette escadrille, and Sergt. Joseph Peter Saxe, expert aerial photographer with the A. E. F., both of whom were killed when their machine fell near Forest Hills during a championship tennis match in 1920.

Then there was also George W. Puryear, who fought the Germans, was captured by them, escaped and fought them again. He came back safe and sound to America and died when his airplane crashed down in a cotton field in California.

Alcock and Hawker Victims.

Several years ago the eyes of the whole world were directed at the bleak eastern coast of Newfoundland. A prize of \$50,000 had been offered to the aviator who made the first non-stop flight across the Atlantic ocean, and a dozen or so Britisheers had gathered there to make the attempt.

Among them was Captain Alcock, later Sir John Alcock, a famous ace during the war, who piloted the first English plane that bombed Constantinople. Captain Alcock, with a navigator, Arthur W. Brown, also knighted later, hopped off in June, 1919, and astonished the universe by flying from Newfoundland to Clifden, Ireland, in 16 hours and 12 minutes.

It was just six months later that fate overtook this intrepid aviator. While flying in France, merely taking a spinplane to an exhibition at Blois, he miscalculated his distance from the earth, in a fog, and was instantly killed when his plane struck the ground.

One of Captain Alcock's rivals in the transatlantic flights was an aviator who was equally well known among aviators. This was Harry G. Hawker. Hawker was the first to hop off at Newfoundland, starting on May 18 with Lieutenant Commander MacKenzie-Grieve as navigator. In vain, the next day, they waited for news of him in England. Hawker and his comrade and their plane had disappeared. People said that they had been drowned in the ocean. But those who knew the aviator said: "No; Harry Hawker has got more lives than a cat. If he hadn't, he would have been killed long before this. It's the luckiest aviator that ever lived."

Sure enough, six days later a Danish steamer, the Mary, came rolling into port with Hawker and Grieve on board. She had picked them up 850 miles off the coast of Ireland, floating along hanging to their frail craft. Hawker's luck still held.

A year later, July 21, Hawker went aloft near the Hendon airfield, in England, to test a plane for the aerial derby. He was flying probably 4,000 feet up in the air when those who were watching saw the plane suddenly career and come plunging to the earth. Hawker died in the arms of the doctor who had been hastily summoned. A coroner's jury found the accident had been due to a sudden stroke of paralysis which the aviator had suffered. His physician testified that Hawker had long been a victim of tuberculosis of the spine; and had been warned against flying.

Sir Ross Smith's Death.

During the year that Captain Alcock and Hawker were busy with their efforts to fly across the Atlantic, another British aviator sprang into prominence by piloting a plane from England to Australia. It was Ross Smith, later Sir Ross Smith, who had a valiant record for daring during the war. A few months ago, Sir Ross and his brother, Sir Keith Smith, were getting ready to fly around the world. They had completed their planes and the feat seemed almost accomplished.

Early one morning Sir Ross arrived at Brooklands where his machine was. His brother was not at the field, and he went up with Lieutenant Bennett, a friend of his. At a height of 3,000 feet above the ground the aviator began a series of evolutions that he had gone through a hundred times in order to test thoroughly every strut and guy in his plane. Those watching were interested, but not alarmed, and when they saw the huge plane diving straight for the earth they only considered it a special sort of trial. Sir Ross was killed instantly and Lieutenant Bennett lived but a few moments after being put into an ambulance.

And so the list continues. There was Capt. A. C. Rosenthal, the Italian aviator, who was killed when a Caproni plane collapsed at Mineola. There were the Frenchmen

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James suffered from—among other things—a weak heart, a weak liver, and a weak digestion. In fact, he was one of those people who always have, or think they have, something serious the matter with them.

Recently he went to stay with a friend at the seaside, in the hope of obtaining relief from one of his more chronic ailments.

A few days after his arrival he was walking along the beach with his host, when suddenly he remarked:

"I drank a glassful of sea water yesterday, and I really think I derived relief from it. I wonder," he added, "do you think I might take a second glass?"

His host hesitated for a while. Then:

"Yes," he said; "I think you might. I don't fancy it will be missed."

"MONEY" NOT ALWAYS COIN

Various Parts of the World Have a Currency Quite Distinct From Dollars and Cents.

Poets and philosophers, both ancient and modern, unite in warning us against money-getting and money-hoarding. True, yet Solomon says that "money is a defense," which is also true, for without it we are indeed helpless. The first thing we do when we find ourselves in a foreign country, is to learn the coinage of that country. Whether it be francs, thalers or dollars, we lose no time in getting the relative value of them into our minds. The average traveler finds this no easy matter, but if his wander-



Shell Money.

ings take him beyond the reach of francs, thalers and dollars, his difficulties increase tenfold.

For instance, if he finds himself in Central Africa his well-filled purse will be of no use to him, whereas with a handful of cowrie shells he can pay his way comfortably. Thus one discovers that money does not necessarily mean coin. Coin is the outcome of civilization. The earliest attempt of the savage mind in the way of commerce takes the form of barter, one article being exchanged for another; and it is a step in advance when he begins to use one article as an equivalent for any goods received. Hence cowrie shells, which are very good money all over Africa and in some other parts of the world. Cowries are usually threaded upon cords, many yards long. These are twisted into coils. A man who wishes to buy a fowl, or a basket of eggs, will cut off a portion of his shell rope and hand it over to the seller.

Rope money of a different sort is used in the South Sea Islands, where the natives carry long coils of rope cunningly wrought of flying fox fur or of tiny, brilliant feathers. This sort of money, if not convenient, is at least picturesque.—Montreal Family Herald.

Watch Lost Ten Years Keeps Time. Rev. R. W. Bacon, a professor in Yale Divinity school, was traveling in western Canada, in 1911, and while in the deep snow of the Selkirk mountains, lost his gold watch, presented to him by the members of a church which he served in Oswego, N. Y. Last September the watch was found and the finder read the inscription and sent it to the church which had presented it. Thence it was sent on to the owner, who says the watch is now keeping good time after its silence and obscurity of over ten years.

POROUS TILE IS NOT BEST DRAIN

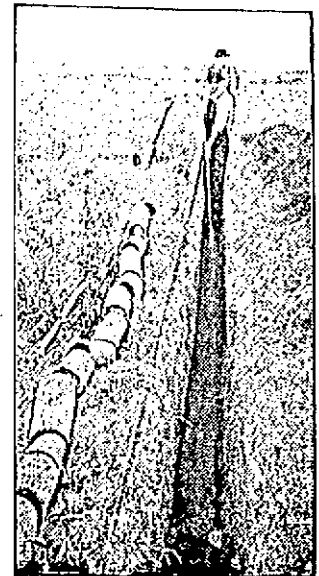
Many Farmers Stick to Old-Fashioned Belief That Water Enters Through Walls.

POROSITY NOT GOOD QUALITY

Little Consideration Should Convince Most Skeptical That Openings Afford Ample Space for Admission of Moisture.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Among the old-fashioned beliefs in connection with the action of the drains is the one that the water enters not through the open spaces in joints but through the walls of the tile. The fact that drains composed of hard burned or even glazed tile are found to operate as well as the most porous ones has not served completely to dispel this delusion, says the bureau of public roads, United States Department of Agriculture. Occasionally this view is set forth by writers. The makers even advertise



Place Tile as Close Together as Possible for Best Results.

taken belief that this is a desirable quality, whereas the contrary is true.

Ample Entry for Water.

Only a brief consideration of the matter should be sufficient to convince the most skeptical that the openings between the tiles afford ample entry for the water—and why should the water force an entry through the walls when the open door is there? The processes of manufacture do not permit of a tile with absolutely true and smooth ends. Pick out two of the most perfectly-shaped ones and it will be found that one cannot abut them together without leaving a considerable opening. In the ordinary run of tile-laying an opening of at least one-eighth inch is to be expected. This one-eighth inch around the periphery of, say, six-inch tile, gives an entrance of two and one-half square inches at each joint. Thus in eleven joints—a length of only twelve feet of six-inch drain—there is an entrance area equal to the cross-sectional area of the tile. In a drain of only moderate length there is likely to be available a dozen times more opening than the interior capacity of the tile can make use of.

Porosity Not Wanted.

One need not fear that the water cannot enter the tile. Place them as close together as possible, turning them around to get the closest possible fit. There need be no hesitation in the use of hard-burned tile, or, if available, sewer pipe with "bell" ends. Durability and strength are the qualities wanted—not porosity. In fact, porosity usually means inferiority, and is to be avoided; especially where the tile are laid above the frost line or so close to the surface as to be affected by the wheels of vehicles or heavy farm machinery.

MOTION PICTURE SHOWS BEES

Need for Requeening Colony From Time to Time and Proper Management Is Shown.

Bee keepers will be interested in a new motion picture prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture showing the best practice in handling bees and the control of bee diseases. The film, which is called "Keeping Bees at Work," is intended to supplement a picture entitled "Bees—How They Live and Work," issued some time ago for more popular use.

The new picture shows the need for requeening the colony from time to time, the way to prepare the bees for wintering, the time to unpack the colonies, the control of the swarm, and the details of management. The fact that the bureau of entomology will examine samples of combs to identify diseases and advise on their control is brought out.

The film is in one reel, and may be borrowed by extension workers and others entitled to the privilege, or prints may be purchased for approximately the cost of making them, which is about \$37.

First Queen 2017 B. C.

The first woman with sovereign authority was Semiramis, queen of Assyria, 2017 B. C.

Man Lasts Beetle Three Years.

A beetle has been known to disperse with food of any kind for three years.

MOISTURE CAPACITY OF SOIL INCREASED

Organic Matter in Any Form Is of Much Benefit.

Activities of Bacteria Largely Dependent on Supply of Decaying Material—Food and Air of Great Importance.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

In addition to adding plant food to the soil and improving its texture, organic matter, supplied by green-manure crops, stable manure, or in any other form, adds greatly to the moisture-holding capacity. It has been shown, says the United States Department of Agriculture, that while 100 pounds of sand can hold only 25 pounds of water and 100 pounds of clay 50 pounds, the same weight of humus or decaying organic matter will hold 100 pounds.

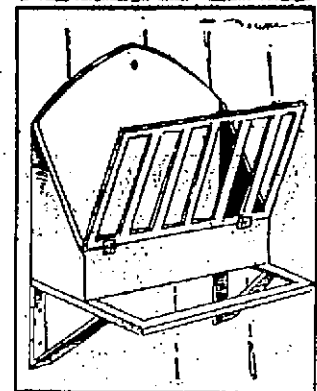
Clay soil containing organic matter is more friable than similar soil without organic matter. When the organic matter is entirely removed the clay remains compact during freezing and thawing. When the organic matter is returned the soil crumbles after freezing, just as the original soil.

Not only do the higher plants grow better in a soil rich in organic matter, but the activities of the soil bacteria are largely dependent on the supply of decaying vegetable matter. These bacteria need food and air. Their food is the dead vegetable matter, which they break down and make available to the higher plants. Most beneficial bacteria use air, and this they find more abundantly in a soil supplied with organic matter than in stiff clays poor in it. In sandy soils there is air enough, but the addition of humus helps to hold moisture and so benefits the bacteria as well as the higher plants.

DRY MASH HOLDER FOR HENS

Device Takes Up No Floor Space, but Is Easily Accessible—Also Holds Water.

Near-perfection in a dry mash holder for poultry is reached in the device shown below. The slats open to receive the mash and the bottom of the frame when closed makes a guard to keep the hens from throwing the feed out of the box. The feeder takes up no floor room, but is perfectly accessible to the fowls because the brackets that hold it up extend forward.



Perfect Dry Mash Holder.

ward a few inches to support also an alighting perch, on which the hens can stand while eating. The same arrangement, but with a shorter box, would serve admirably to hold the water pail or fountain.—Farm Journal.

LOOSE HAY HARD TO HANDLE

Use of Press Makes It Comparatively Easy Matter to Store and Transport.

Loose hay is a bulky product and extremely difficult to handle in large quantities. Before the practice of pressing hay into bales became common it was difficult and expensive to transport this feed except to the extent of loading it on wagons and hauling it to a nearby town or city. As a result, the matter of supply and demand was quite largely local, and frequently there was wide variation in prices offered in different localities.

With the coming of the hay press, it was possible to put hay into bales which were easily handled, greatly reducing the space required for a given amount of hay, and making it possible to transport hay for long distances at costs which were not prohibitive.

CAMAS POISONOUS TO STOCK

Heaviest Losses Caused Among Sheep Flocks—Deadly Species Are Now Recognized.

Death camas, of which there are four principal species in the range country of the West, although causing heaviest losses among sheep, are also poisonous to horses and cattle. Under range conditions cattle are seldom poisoned. Horses are frequently made sick, but deaths are rare. A few cases are known where persons have been fatally poisoned by the weed. Children have eaten the bulbs out of curiosity and adults have gathered the plant, mistaking it for the edible sego. The United States Department of Agriculture has not found a remedy for poisoning by death camas, but the deadly species are now recognized, and ranchers may safeguard their flocks.

Air Is Thin on Mars.

The atmospheric pressure on Mars is about one-quarter as great as on the earth.

Gees Work When Gong Strikes.

Bees have been trained to start and stop work at the sound of a gong by an English breeder.

MAY WEAR PURPLE

All Shades Fashionable for Milady's Outdoor Togs.

Women Must Carefully Consider Complexion in Making Choice of Tint to Be Worn.

All the shades of purple are to be intensely fashionable this summer in outdoor garb. Purples, violets, lavender, orchid and mauve are replacing the strong yellow tones which ran riot a year ago. In the exclusive shops violet silk sweaters pose beside silk gingham of checked lavender and white; and there are enchanting pastels hats of purple straw trimmed with bunches of purple violets, for wear with violet homespun suits, and with frocks of lavender handkerchief linen.

Now to wear any shade of purple successfully one must be either vivid and dark in coloring—with clear skin and dark hair and eyebrows; or ethereal if the blonde type. Sallow brunettes and faded blondes are at their very worst in any shade of violet, mauve or lavender. So every woman who hankers after a purple outfit is looking to her complexion these days. There is something in the very suggestion of blue or lavender that calls up a thought of unusual daintiness and rather spiritual loveliness. Imagine a ruddy-faced fat woman in mauve or orchid. Or a thin, sallow-faced woman in a hat heaped with violets! To wear violet or any of its shades one must be youthful and fair-skinned and dainty, or of that elderly type which has daintiness and grace combined with silvery hair and a complexion not time or weather beaten.

If you want to look poetic in lavender this summer, begin now and diet. Avoid butter and gravy and let up a bit on red meats. And never think of chocolate in candy or cake or sundaes. Consume plenty of fresh salads and fruit. Drink milk rather than coffee. Take salted nuts instead of dessert—you'll be just as well satisfied. And you'll see your face taking more delicate contours almost immediately—and a sweeter fairness. Try to be in bed by 10 o'clock at least three nights a week—this to make your eyes brighter and more soft and liquid as young eyes are.

And give a little personal attention to the skin. Winter with its harsh winds, its late hours and lack of fresh air, its heavy, rich foods, and the lack of perspiration through cold months when one lives mostly in dry, artificial heat, has taken its toll out of the complexion. It needs warm water and cleansing cream every night; and perhaps—if one is over 30—a good tissue cream three times a week. Stroke the cream gently over and under the eyes to remove the puffy, buggy look caused by late hours, and stroke upward from the chin to coax away any tendency toward sagging and resultant "jowls" that spoil the delicacy of contour that becomes violet tints.

POPULAR GINGHAM FROCK



Nothing can compete with the gingham frock for morning wear. This is one of lavender and white check.

SUMMER TUB SILK DRESSES

Shirting Material Is Being Used; Is Also Suitable for Dresses for the Children.

Tub silk dresses are in vogue this summer, and while washable crepes are much to the fore, perhaps the most practical and least expensive of these dresses are made of shirting silks. The same silks that are usually sold for men's shirts are being bought in large quantities by women for their own appareling, and dainty and serviceable dresses for children are also made of these shirting silks. Whether for children or grownups, tub silk dresses are usually made on somewhat plain or tailored lines, with no ruffling or bouffant effects. Piping or bindings of ribbon or fabric in contrasting color provide the popular trimming touch, if trimming is used at all.

Admonitory.

Someone says: "In private watch your thoughts; in the family, watch your temper; in company, watch your tongue." That is mighty good advice, and we are not hurting it any when we add, "and in a crowd, watch your watch."—Boston Transcript.

FEATHERS AND FLOWERS



Feathers are employed in almost unexpected manner on this original parasol. A double ruffling of silk follows the outline, while beautifully blended flowers adorn one corner. The orchid hat is embroidered in wool.

THE FRENCH AND ORGANDIES

Fabric Promises to Have Definite Revival; Picturesque and Smart Designs Hold Over.

It is at Cannes that the really warm weather fashions, originated in Paris, are first seen, and judging from the opening season there, over Good Housekeeping Magazine, one of the most interesting features is that organdie is going to have a very definite revival. In France, organdie has two moods—the picturesque and the smart. In its former mood, we find it in dainty summer dresses in white or colors, with flounced or "petal" paneled skirts below a simple, short-sleeved corsage. It is girdled with gold or silver ribbon, flower wreaths or beads, and one occasionally sees the white organdie frock with a "sweet blue ribbon" at the waist. Then, again, it becomes a party to the Parisienne's love of the unexpected, and joins forces with black felt and becomes a typically Parisian hat. A very smart costume had a white organdie overblouse, with an underslip of green crepe marocain of which the plain wide belt was also, of crepe marocain and caught with a large gold buckle. The variations of the organdie mode are many and extend to the entire wardrobe.

Hats made wholly or partly of the same material are worn with these organdie frocks. In either matching or contrasting colors. Many wide picture hats are made of white or colored organdie, and a new departure is the black organdie hat, trimmed with great flowers made of soft, brilliant-colored quills, clusters of bright quills, or huge, soft artificial flowers. Many have the shirred brim, which is peculiar in that it may be pulled or shaped anew each time it is worn—the shirring holding it in position. Lawn features great flowers of tinted organdie, on hats of crepe or crepe de chine, the crisp petals being formed with the greatest precision.

Organdie is also used in the unusual collars, cuffs, vest and sleeves, which one sees on many of the kasha or serge frocks to which the Parisienne is still faithful, and is the inevitable accompaniment of the linen frocks one sees at the resorts.

MUSLIN FOR GIRLS' DRESSES

Unbleached Material Splendid for Play Frocks; Various Embellishments Are Available.

The practicability of unbleached muslin needs no nib, and is therefore easily understandable as a medium for girls' play frocks. This obvious quality—which does not make for handsomeness—is entirely overcome by the use of delightful embellishments, such as cretonne applications, worsted embroideries and tinted linen applications.

One firm showed a group of these dresses, which lay their origin to Paul Poiret. The dresses included a number that were made for fourteen-year-old girls, and, like the smaller sizes, also showed bloomer attachments.

Large motifs of cretonne patterns, such as birds, flowers and trees, are cut out and applied to the dress, which is of the simplest slip composition, worn with and without belts. Worsteds are frequently introduced, forming a line of continuity in the applied figures. One model introduced a motif worked out in painted linen.

Extremes in Buttons.

Buttons run to extremes for next fall, both in price and size. The trade is buying either very expensive or very cheap types, and either very fancy or very plain buttons. Celluloid is generally preferred to galalith because it dips to the exact color of a costume, a feature much in demand this season. A plain button said to be very good is oval in shape and has a long indentation. A smart galalith button is composed of three layers of the substance and is hexagonal in shape. Among the more elaborate buttons, a large celluloid cameo effect is meeting with success. Odd shapes in pressed and carved buttons are in good demand.

Square Parasols.

There are perfectly square parasols made of figured cretonne or figured silk. They are especially effective when carried with a white frock.

Ardent Workers.

Sweet charity—how the girls do love to dance for it!—Pittsburgh Sun.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

THE PHANTOM LINER

The fog lay deep on George's bank, Rolling deep, fold on fold; It dripped and dripped from the rigging dark, And the day sank dark and cold.

The watch stood close by the reeling rail And listened into the gloom; Was there a sound save the slapping sail And the creak of the swaying boom?

Out of the dark the great waves crept And shouldered darkly by, Till over their tops a murmur crept That was neither of sea nor sky.

"Is it the churn of a steamer's screw?" "Is it a wind that sighs?" A shiver ran through the listening crew. We looked in each other's eyes.

No engines throbbed, no whistle boomed, No foam curled from her prow, But out of the mist a liner loomed Ten fathoms from our bow.

Ten fathoms from our bow she grew, No man might speak or stir, As she leapt from the fog that softly drew Like a shroud from over her.

We shut our teeth in grim despair, Then, like one under a spell, Right through her as she struck us fair I saw the light of a swell.

There was never a crash of splintered plank, No rush of incoming tide, There was never a tear in the mainsail dank As her hull went through our side.

Unharm'd we drifted down the night, On into the fog she drove, And through her as she passed from sight I saw the light of a wave.

Was it some ship long lost at sea, Whose wraith still lails the main? Or the ghost of a wreck that is yet to be In some wild hurricane?

Was it a warning to fishing boats Of what the fog may hold, As over their decks it drips and floats And swatches in its slinging fold?

I cannot tell, I only know Our crew of eighteen men Saw the gray form come, and saw it go Into the fog again.

INSTINCT IS TO "DOLL UP"

Proof of It Expressed by inmates of the New York State Woman's Reformatory.

The superintendent of the New York state reformatory for women has made an observation sufficiently surprising to the general public to be good copy for the daily newspapers. He says of the inmates of his institution, who are as completely removed from masculine gaze as those of a nunnery, that "they take the same pains in dressing and beautifying themselves here as they would for an Easter parade, on Fifth avenue. They love to 'doll themselves up.' Leslie's Weekly states.

This would seem to confirm those cynics who have been saying for so long that women did not adorn herself to find favor with man, but simply to make her sisters envious. But isn't the sounder explanation that the desire for self-adornment, with hair in its natural state, as indicative of the desire for physical strength in man, and that by the satisfaction of this desire she helps maintain her self-respect in trying circumstances? It will be a sad day for the race, if and when men cease to develop muscle and women to make themselves attractive, except with some definite and practical object in view.

The authorities of the New York state reformatory would do well, instead of fighting the expression of this instinct, to encourage it, while guiding it along the paths of good taste.

Dog Mother Baby Chicks.

A Collie dog which of her own accord has adopted two orphan chicks, is reported from British Columbia. One rainy day the wife went out to take the chicks in from the rain, and found them cuddled up in the fur of the dog. When they are kept in a tin in the house the dog roasts her head on the tin, and when a cloth is put over the tin, she pushes it away and puts her nose in the tin. When they are in the yard she guards them constantly and when she leaves them they chirp quite pitifully.



PLAYING TO A CROWD

First Actor: Two is company, three is a crowd.
Second Actor: I like that adage—it has frequently made me feel better when estimating the size of an audience out front.

Clam Closes on Drake's Beak.

Some fishermen were out in Northumberland straits fishing, when they noticed a bird hopping on the water a short distance away. They thought it strange that the bird didn't fly, so they rowed over to it and found that it was a sheldrake and closed on its beak was a large clam. Apparently the bird plunged to pick the clam when the shell was open, and it closed on the bird's beak.

Fowls Have Tails Twenty Feet Long.

There is a chicken in Japan known as "Tosa" which has such long tail feathers that every time the bird is allowed out in the garden its tail is put in curl papers or else in a bag to keep it clean. Only six of these long-tailed chickens have ever been allowed outside of Japan. Some of these fowls have tails more than 25 feet in length.

Altar Lights Burn 50 Years.

For 50 years seven lights have burned day and night in front of a statue of the Blessed Virgin in one of the Catholic churches in Chicago. These lights commemorate the escape of the edifice from destruction in the great fire of 1871.

ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO

Mercury, August 3, 1822

The U. S. Frigate Constellation, Capt. Ridgely, arrived at this port yesterday from the Pacific, the crew all in good health. The Constellation has been absent two years and five days. (The same Constellation is now in our harbor for keeps.)

In Charleston, South Carolina, thirty slaves were executed on the 24th ult., and sixty more are in confinement, who will doubtless share the same fate. They were charged with attempting to raise an insurrection, but the evidence on which they were convicted was very slim. (It evidently did not take much evidence to hang a negro in those days. Neither does it seem to now in many parts of the South.)

In a town in Vermont a number of ladies representing the several states of the Union celebrated the anniversary of our National Independence, and a female orator delivered an address. We should think this almost equivalent to a declaration on the part of these ladies that they were determined to live hereafter independent of mankind, or in other words, to die old maids. (Times have changed in a hundred years. Female orators are not a rarity now.)

George Tilley advertises the Brig Union for sale. She is well calculated for the West India trade. She will be sold low to close a concern.

The last will and testament of Charles Feké, late of Newport, a druggist, is advertised in this issue.

FIFTY YEARS AGO

Mercury, August 3, 1872

Mayor Atkinson suggested in his annual message that it would be advisable to make a schedule of the city property for publication in the annual reports. The committee on city property have done so and report the value of the property belonging to the city to be \$308,212. The most valuable property belonging to the city is Constans Harbor Island, the value of which is put at \$100,000.

There is a grand temperance revival in Newport with a prospect that it will be more of a "watering place" than ever, says the New Bedford Standard; but we fail to observe any special revival in that line; on the contrary the purpose appears to be to try to get the stuff out of the way by "smiling."

The alumni association of Mr. Fay's School will hold their next reunion on the 22d inst. They will have a clam bake at the Stone Bridge; an alumni dinner at the Lawton House, and in the evening their lady friends will join them.

The removal of the hospital on Coasters Harbor Island has commenced, the expense to be paid equally by the city and those persons who felt aggrieved by its being placed in full view of their residences.

The alleged Cuban privateer Pioneer, which has been lying in this port several weeks in custody of Collector Macy, on charge of violating the revenue laws, was on Saturday last turned over to the custody of U. S. Marshal Coggeshall, on an order from President Grant to hold the vessel to answer to a charge of violating the neutrality law of 1818.

By the stupidity of a compositor, we were made to say last week that Col. T. W. Higginson had a cordial reception in London from servants and rascals. What we meant to say was that he was cordially received by literary men, savants and radicals generally. This is the class of people the Colonel associates with in his own country and it was rather rough to intimate that he sought the company of servants and rascals while absent from home.

The city of Newport has three policemen on duty through the day and they are expected to be at the arrival of every boat and train. And they are also expected to be ever on the public streets. Yesterday morning Officer Steele arrested a man who was drunk, and while the officer was at the steamboat another fellow was shoved out of a saloon dead drunk and allowed to remain an hour for the public gaze, when Officer Steele returned and put him in the station house.

The tax assessors have got far enough along in their work to ascertain that the ratio will be 87 cents or \$8.70 on a \$1000.

In Truro, Mass., there are 105 widows whose husbands were lost at sea. A good place for old bachelors to spend the summer.

Russia has an army of 1,173,819 men and Germany has an army of 1,152,000 men. (That was fifty years ago. Times have changed.)

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO

Mercury, August 7, 1897

Newport has had many distinguished guests this week, attracted to a great extent by Fete Day, the fame of which is world-wide. Secretary of the Navy Long viewed the harbor illuminations from the U. S. S. Dolphin, while Speaker Reed was similarly occupied on board steam yacht Sachem. There were about a dozen Congressmen present, most of them the guests of Congressman Bull.

Rear Admiral Sicard has ordered all vessels of the North Atlantic Squadron be open to visitors daily, and he extends to all a cordial invitation to visit the ships while in the harbor.

The fleet of the New York Yacht Club arrived in the harbor on their annual cruise on Wednesday afternoon. It is the largest fleet that ever came in the harbor.

Mr. and Mrs. B. Hammett Seabury of Springfield, Mass., have been the guests of Mr. Seabury's father, the Hon. T. Mumford Seabury, on Mann avenue.

Newport did herself proud Wednesday. It was her annual Fete Day celebration in honor of visiting yachtsmen, and her ancient streets and beau-

tiful shores, profusely decorated and brilliantly illuminated, were the delight of thousands of strangers from all parts of the country as well as to her own citizens and summer residents.

Mr. John McAdam, one of New York's rising young lawyers, with his wife, is visiting his father, Tax Collector McAdam on Bay View avenue.

Mrs. T. M. Seabury, Jr., is entertaining her sister, Mrs. Hall, of Fannwood, N. J.

The annual excursion of the Odd Fellows of this state will be made to Rocky Point on Thursday, August 19.

It was better than a Fourth of July celebration. As a drawing card its adhesive qualities were superb.

It is estimated that the outside world left from \$50,000 to \$100,000 in Newport Wednesday.

The potato shipment from the towns on the island for this year is now nearly completed. From the thirteenth of July to the fifth of August 9,259 barrels were sent from this city over the New York, New Haven & Hartford lines. The reports from the stations on the island show large increase over the shipments of last year.

The annual tournament of the United States Lawn Tennis Association will open at the Newport Casino a week from next Tuesday, and it is expected to be one of the best in the history of the Association.

PORTSMOUTH.

(From our regular correspondent) Annual Garden Party

The annual garden party of the Methodist Episcopal Church was held on Thursday afternoon and evening. A large number of people went on Wednesday afternoon for the supper, after the weather cleared. The chairman of the supper committee was Mrs. Joseph B. Ackley, and the dining room was in charge of Miss Viola Borden, with Mrs. Annie Tucker as head waitress, assisted by a number of young ladies. The coffee was in charge of Mrs. William Dennis; salads, in charge of Mrs. Ralph Freeborn, Mrs. Ackley, Mrs. Gordon McDonald, and Mrs. Albert Sherman; cakes in charge of Mrs. Frank L. Wallman, Mrs. John Geisler, Mrs. Ruth Macomber was in charge of the kitchen, assisted by Miss Emma Brayton, Mrs. Charles Borden and others.

The booths on the lawn were very tastefully decorated by Mr. Robert Chapell, Mr. Sidney Hedley, Mr. Charles Ashley, Mr. David Hedley and others.

The vegetable booth was very attractively decorated with privet hedge and cornstalks and was in charge of Mr. John Marshall and Mr. Charles Ashley. The doll booth was green lattice work with red paper poppies and a large number of dolls were sold by Miss Kate L. Durfee.

About 30 pounds of home made candy were on sale at the candy booth in charge of Misses Marjorie Borden and Elsie Spooner. A gift table and a fancy work booth in charge of Mrs. Ida Grinnell was well patronized. Ice cream was sold by Mrs. Ernest Cross, assisted by a number of young people. The Aquidneck Orchestra furnished music on the lawn. Balloons were sold by Mrs. Ada Malone and Mrs. Raymond Usher, who was the lady with a thousand pockets.

Mrs. Robert Chapell was in charge of the entertainment. "Jack and Jill's Wedding" was given and "do-wanna." Little Amy Holman gave a salute to the flag and songs and recitations were given. In "do-wanna" Miss Louise Lawton was a little girl who didn't want to do anything. Miss Eleanor Wordell was a loaf of bread, Elizabeth Freeborn a coffee pot, Ruth Smith was a knife, Gladys Lawrence a fairy, and Helen Tallman was "I do-wanna." In "Jack and Jill's Wedding," all the Mother Goose people were there, and Simple Simon was remarkably well taken, receiving much applause.

On Monday evening at the Portsmouth Free Public Library was held a meeting of the committee which is arranging for the bazaar and rummage sale to be held on the library lawn on August 24. The bazaar and sale will be for the benefit and support of the library. The following is the executive committee appointed to have charge: Mrs. John M. Eldredge, Mrs. Alexander Boone, Mrs. B. W. Storrs, Mrs. Frederick Webb, Miss Kate L. Durfee and Miss Ilatie Anthony. The large and beautiful lawn of the library will be used to its capacity. Many articles to be placed on sale are already on hand. Special decorations are being planned for the different booths. All of the different organizations in Portsmouth will be asked to cooperate and the Girl Scouts will have charge.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Whitney of Providence have been guests of Mr. Rowland S. Chase at Bristol Ferry for the past week.

Mrs. Archie Luther and two sons, of Washington, D. C., are visiting Mrs. Luther's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Elbert A. Sisson.

Mr. William Sanford of Childs street, who spent the winter in Florida, has returned home. Since leaving Florida Mr. Sanford has been guest of his brother, Mr. Samuel Sanford, and wife, of Washington, D. C.

Mr. and Mrs. Doncaster have recently purchased a cottage on West Narragansett avenue, Newport. Mrs. Doncaster was formerly Miss Gladys Pool of this town, and they have recently returned from their honeymoon trip.

Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Borden and their son Richard, of Providence, have been visiting Mr. Borden's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Alonzo E. Borden. Mrs. Borden is now at the Newport Hospital, where a second son was born to them. Mr. Borden is Professor of Mathematics at Brown University.

Senator and Mrs. Arthur A. Sherman are receiving congratulations upon the birth of a daughter, born on August 1, at their home on East Main Road.

Mrs. Benjamin A. Chase and her son, who have been spending several weeks in Ashburnham, Mass., have returned to their home.

NEWPORT AND PROVIDENCE RAILWAY COMPANY

Cars Leave Washington Square for Providence

Week Days—7:35, 8:50 and each hour to 4:50

Sundays—8:50 and each hour to 7:30

SEEDS SEEDS

We have unloaded a full line of the famous

H. C. ANTHONY

SEEDS

for the season of 1922 and can supply your needs from an ounce to a ton.

GET OUR PRICES THEY WILL SURPRISE YOU

ALL NEW STOCK

Mackenzie & Winslow

[INCORPORATED]

HAY, STRAW, GRAIN, SALT

Telephones 181 and 208

THE

Newport Gas Light Co

NO

COKE for Sale

AT PRESENT

New York

VIA FALL RIVER LINE

Fare \$4.44

Large, Comfortable State-rooms Orchestra on each Steamer

Daylight Saving Time

Lv. Newport, (Long Wharf) 9:45 P.M. Due New York 7:00 A.M.

Probate Court of the City of Newport.

Estate of Jeremiah M. Clifford

NOTICE is hereby given that John M. Lynch has qualified as Executor of the will of Jeremiah M. Clifford, late of Newport, deceased.

Creditors are notified to file their claims in this office within the times required by law, beginning July 25th, 1922.

DUNCAN A. HAZARD, Clerk.

7-23

Probate Court of the City of Newport.

Estate of Patrick J. Sullivan

NOTICE is hereby given that William F. Sullivan and Henry P. Sullivan have qualified as Executors of the will of Patrick J. Sullivan, late of Newport, deceased.

Creditors are notified to file their claims in this office within the times required by law, beginning July 25th, 1922.

DUNCAN A. HAZARD, Clerk.

7-23

Probate Court of the City of Newport.

Estate of Thomas Dowd

AN INSTRUMENT in writing purporting to be the last will and testament of Thomas Dowd, late of said Newport, deceased, is presented for probate, and the same is received and referred to the Twenty-first day of August, instant, at 10 o'clock a. m., at the Probate Court Room in said Newport, for consideration; and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the Newport Mercury.

DUNCAN A. HAZARD, Clerk.

5-4

The Newport Dairy property on Van Zandt avenue was sold at auction on Tuesday to Jacob Mirman for \$5700. The sale was by order of Edward J. Corcoran, trustee in bankruptcy.

The derailing of a locomotive near the Middletown station on Thursday delayed the traffic between Newport and Fall River for some time. No serious damage was done.

Fashionable move in Circles. The hat worn by women in 4000 B. C. is stated to be very similar to models worn today.



Some Things We Can Do

Our desire is to see how much—not how little—we can give our customers for their money.

Don't interpret this as a burst of philanthropy. It isn't. It's plain, common sense business, because a satisfied customer is the best possible advertisement.

Every telephone becomes a part of the universal Bell System the moment it is installed. The service that may be afforded a patron, however, is largely dependent upon his knowledge of the telephone's varied possibilities. We can suggest some of these, leaving to him the privilege of availing himself of them.

Does he know how to make an Emergency Call?

Does he know what we are glad to do in the way of emergency installations in cases of quarantined illness?

Does he know the economics of Station to Station Calls as distinguished from other toll calls?

Does he know what we will do to help forward an urgent message relative to sickness or death?

Does he know we will try to get a message to a subscriber whose full address is unknown to him?

Does he know what our Public Station service can do in reaching non-subscribers by messenger?

If, perchance, the reader does not know of these and other possibilities, I wish he would pay me a visit. I may be able to make the telephone much more valuable to him, and perhaps without one cent of additional cost.

W. A. WRIGHT,
Manager.

REDUCED ONE-DAY EXCURSION FARES

Newport to Wickford Landing

AND RETURN

A delightful sail across Narragansett Bay
Refreshments Served

STEAMER "GENERAL"

SCHEDULE—WEEKDAYS ONLY—EASTERN STANDARD TIME

Leaves Long Wharf 9:45 a. m. 12:05 p. m. 3:45 p. m.

Returning due 11:50 a. m. 2:55 p. m. 6:00 p. m.

Special Evening Trip on Fridays only
Leaving at 8:40 p. m. Returning at 9:40 p. m.

A limited number of tickets on sale each day. Good only on date of sale.

ROUND TRIP FARE \$1.25

The New England Steamship Company

A. H. GREEN & SON

37 West 37th Street, New York

FURRIERS

Branch now open at

Dinsdale Cottage, Berkeley Ave.

Newport, R. I.

Complete line of furs on hand

Orders taken for remodeling

DO YOU WANT ANYTHING?

USE THE CLASSIFIED COLUMNS IN THE

NEWPORT DAILY NEWS

EVERY DAY One Hundred People are doing this and they GET RESULTS

CIRCULATION OVER 6400 DAILY	TELEPHONE 17, OR MAIL YOUR WANTS—BILL WILL BE SENT	For Sale To Let Help Wanted Situations Center Lost and Found
	PRICE 25 WORDS 25 CENTS FOR FIRST INSERTION, 10 CENTS FOR REPEATS	

Probate Court of the City of Newport

Estate of Agnes G. Fairfield

NOTICE is hereby given that GEORGE W. FAIRFIELD has qualified as Administrator of the estate of Agnes G. Fairfield, late of Newport, deceased.

Creditors are notified to file their claims in this office within the times required by law, beginning July 22nd, 1922.

DUNCAN A. HAZARD, Clerk.

July 17th, 1922.

Probate Court of the Town of New Shoreham July 15th, 1922.

Estate of Herbert S. Millikin

LAURA A. MILLIKIN, Executrix of the estate of Herbert S. Millikin, late of said New Shoreham, deceased, presents her first and final account with the estate of said deceased, for allowance, and the same is received and referred to the seventh day of August, at 2 o'clock p. m., at the Probate Court Room in said New Shoreham, for consideration; and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the Newport Mercury.

EDWARD P. CAMPBELL, Clerk.

7-22-31

Summer Shoes

White Shoes for men, women, and children in dress and outing styles

High or low cut Keds in brown or white in all sizes

The T. Mumford Seabury Co

214 Thames Street.

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